

3 1761 04615749 1

Tohir, John

The honeymoon. New and
complete ed.

Fox
3760
TOMS
1977



DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

THE HONEYMOON

BY
JOHN TOBIN.



"WHY, YOU BAGAMUFFINS! WHAT D'YE TITTER AT?"

NEW AND COMPLETE EDITION.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

LONDON: J. DICKS, 313, STRAND; ALL BOOKSELLERS.

DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

Now Publishing, Price One Penny, Weekly,

DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS,
AND
FREE ACTING DRAMA.

FOR THE REPRESENTATION OF WHICH THERE IS NO LEGAL CHARGE.

1. Othello.
2. The School for Scandal.
3. Werner.
4. She Stoops to Conquer.
5. The Gamester.
6. King Lear.
7. A New Way to Pay Old Debts.
8. The Road to Ruin.
9. Merry Wives of Windsor.
10. The Iron Chest.
11. Hamlet.
12. The Stranger.
13. Merchant of Venice.
14. The Honeymoon.
15. Pizarro.
16. The Man of the World.
17. Much Ado About Nothing.
18. The Rivals.
19. Damon and Pythias.
20. Macbeth.
21. John Bull.
22. Fazio.
23. Speed the Plough.
24. Jane Shore.
25. Evadne.
26. Antony and Cleopatra.
27. The Wonder.
28. The Miller and His Men.
29. The Jealous Wife.
30. Therese.
31. Brutus.
32. The Maid of Honour.
33. A Winter's Tale.
34. The Poor Gentleman.
35. Castle Spectre.
36. The Heir-at-Law.
37. Love in a Village.
38. A Tale of Mystery.
39. Douglas

66. The Beaux' Stratagem.
67. Arden of Faversham.
68. A Trip to Scarborough.
69. Lady Jane Grey.
70. Rob Roy.
71. Roman Father.
72. The Provoked Wife.
73. The Two Foscari.
74. Foundling of the Forest.
75. All the World's a Stage.
76. Richard the Third.
77. A Bold Stroke for a Wife.
78. Castle of Sorrento.
79. The Inconstant.
80. Guy Mannering.
81. The Busy-Body.
82. Tom and Jerry.
83. Alexander the Great.
84. The Liar.
85. Tho Brothers.
86. Way of the World.
87. Cymbeline.
88. She Would & She Would Not.
89. Deserted Daughter.
90. Wives as they Were, and
Maidas as they Are.
91. Every Man in his Humour.
92. Midsummer Night's Dream.
93. Tamerlane.
94. A Bold stroke for a Husband.
95. Julius Caesar.
96. All for Love.
97. The Tempest.
98. Richard Coeur de Lion.
99. The Mourning Bride.
100. The Bashful Man.
101. Barbarossa.
102. The Curfew.
103. Merchant of Bruges.
104. Giovanni in London.
105. Queen of Athens.

130. Mahomet, the Impostor.
131. Duplicity.
132. The Devil to Pay.
133. Troilus and Cressida.
134. Ways and Means.
135. All in the Wrong.
136. Cross Purposes.
137. The Orphan; or, the Un-
happy Marriage.
138. Bon Ton.
139. The Tender Husband.
140. El Hyder; or, the Chief of
the Ghant Mountaine.
141. The Country Girl.
142. Midas.
143. The Castle of Andalosia.
144. Two Strings to your Bow.
145. Measure for Measure.
146. The Miser.
147. The Haunted Tower.
148. The Tailors.
149. Love for Love.
150. The Robbers of Calabria.
151. Zara.
152. High Life Below Stairs.
153. Marino Faliero.
154. The Waterman.
155. Vespers of Palermo.
156. The Farm House.
157. Comedy of Errors.
158. The Romp.
159. The Distressed Mother.
160. Atonement.
161. Three Weeks after Marriage.
162. The Suspicious Husband.
163. The Dog of Montargis.
164. The Holress.
165. The Deserter.
166. King Henry the Eighth.
167. Conus.
168. Recruiting Sergeant.
169. Animal Magnetism.
170. The Confederacy.
171. The Carmelite.
172. The Chances.
173. Follies of a Day.
174. Titus Andronicus.
175. Paul and Virginia.
176. Know Your Own Mind.
177. The Padlock.
178. The Constant Couple.
179. Better Late than Never.
180. My Spouse and I.
181. Every One has his Fault.
182. The Deuce is in Him.
183. The Adopted Child.
184. Lovers' Vows.
185. Maid of the Oaks.
186. The Dnenna.
187. The Turnpike Gate.
188. Lady of Lyons.
189. Miss in her Teens.
190. Twelfth Night.
191. Lodoiska.
192. The Earl of Warwick.
193. Fortune's Frolics.

T H E H O N E Y M O O N .

A COMEDY.

THE HONEYMOON.

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY JOHN TOBIN.



Jaques.—"WHY, YOU RAGAMUFFINS! WHAT D'YE TITTER AT?"—Act iii, scene 2.

Persons Represented.

DUKE OF ARANZA.
COUNT MONTALEIN.
BALTHAZAR.

ROLANDO.
LAMPEDO.
JAQUES.

CAMPILLO.
LOPEZ.
JULIANA.

VOLANTE.
ZAMORA.
HOSTESS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Madrid.*

Enter DUKE OF ARANZA, and COUNT MONTALBAN, followed by a Servant.

Duke. (*Speaking to Servant.*) This letter you will give my steward; this To my old tenant, Lopez. Use despatch, sir; Your negligence may ruin an affair Which I have much at heart. [*Exit Servant.*]

Why, how now, Count! You look but dull upon my wedding day. Nor show the least reflection of that joy Which breaks from me, and should light up my friend.

Count. If I could set my features to my tongue, I'd give your highness joy. Still, as a friend, Whose expectation lags behind his hopes, I wish you happy.

Duke. You shall see me so.

Is not the lady I have chosen fair?

Count. Nay, she is beautiful.

Duke. Of a right age? [womanhood.]

Count. In the fresh prime of youth, and bloom of

Duke. A well-proportioned form, and noble pre-

Count. True. [sense?]

Duke. Then her wit.—Her wit is admirable!

Count. There is a passing shrillness in her voice.

Duke. Has she not wit?

Count. A sharp-edged tongue, I own; [ness!]

But uses it as bravoes do their swords—

Not for defence, but mischief. Then, her gentle-

You had almost forgot to speak of that.

Duke. Ay, there you touch me! Yet, though she

be prouder

Then the vexed ocean at its topmost height,

And every breeze will chafe her to a storm,

I love her still the better. Some prefer

Smoothly o'er an unwrinkled sea to glide;

Others to ride the cloud-aspiring waves,

And hear, amid the rending tackle's roar,
The spirit of an equinoctial gale.
What, though a patient and enduring lover—
Like a tame spaniel, that, with crouching eye,
Meets buffetings, and caresses—I have ts'en,
With humble thanks, her kindness and her scorn;
Yet, when I am her husband, she shall feel
I was not born to be a woman's slave!
Can you be secret?

Count. You have found me so
In matters of some moment.

Duke. Listen, then:
I have prepar'd a penance for her pride,
To which a cell and sackcloth, and the tolls
Of a barefooted pilgrimage, were pastime.
As yet she knows me, as I truly am,
The Duke Aranza: in which character
I have fed high her proud and soaring fancy
With the description of my state and fortunes,
My princely mansions, my delicious gardens,
My carriages, my servants, and my pomp.
Now, mark the contrast. In the very height
And fullest pride of her ambitious hopes,
I take her to a miserable hut,
(All things are well digested for the purpose),
Where, throwing off the title of a duke,
I will appear to her a low-born peasant.
There, with coarse raiment, household drudgery,
Laborious exercise, and cooling viands,
I will so lower her distempered blood,
And tame the devil in her, that, before
We have burnt out our happy honey-moon,
She, like a well-train'd hawk, shall, at my whistle,
Quit her high flights, and perch upon my finger,
To wait my bidding.

Count. Most excellent! A plot of rare invention!
Duke. When, with a bold hand, I have weeded
out

The rank growth of her pride, she'll be a garden
Lovely in blossom, rich in fruit; till then,
An unprun'd wilderness. But to your business.
How thrives your suit with her fair sister, Count?

Count. The best advancement I can boast of, in it
Is, that it goes not backward. She's a riddle,
Which he that solved the sphinx's, would die
If I but mention love, she starts away, [guessing].
And wards the subject off with so much skill,
That whether she be hurt or tickled most,
Her looks leave doubtful. Yet I fondly think
She keeps me (as the plover from her nest,
Fearful, misleads the trav'ler) from the point
Where live her warmest wishes, that are breath'd
For me in secret.

Duke. You've her father's voice?

Count. Yes; and we have concerted, that this
Instead of Friar Dominic, her confessor, [evening],
Who from his pious office is disabled
By sudden sickness, I should visit her;
And, as her mind's physician feel the pulse
Of her affection.

Duke. May you quickly find
Her love to you, the worst of her offences!
For then her absolution will be certain.
Farewell! I see Rolando.
He is a common railer against women;
And, on my wedding day, I will hear none
blasphemous the sex. Besides, as once he fail'd
In the same suit that I have thriven in,
'Twill look like triumph. 'Tis a grievous pity
He follows them with such a settled spleen,
For he has noble qualities.

Count. Most rare ones—

A happy wit, and independent spirit.
Duke And then he is a brave, too.

Count. Of as tried a courage
As ever walk'd up to the roaring throats
Of a deep rang'd artillery; and planted,
'Midst fire and smoke, upon an enemy's wall,
The standard of his country.

Duke. Farewell, Count.

Count. Success attend your schemes!

Duke. Fortune crown yours!

[Exit.]

Enter ROLANDO.

Count. Signor Rolando, you seem melancholy.

Rol. As an old cat in the mumps. I met three
women—

I marvel much they suffer them to walk
Loose in the streets, whilst other antam'd monsters
Are kept in cages—three loud talking women!
They were discoursing of the newest fashions,
And their tongues went like—I have since been
thinking,

What most that active member of a woman
Of mortal things resembles.

Count. Have you found it? [smoke-jack!]

Rol. Umph! not exactly—something like a
For it goes ever without winding up:
But that wears out in time—there fails the simile
Next I betroth me of water-mill;
But that stands still on Sundays; woman's tongue
Needs no reviving sabbath—and besides,
A mill, to give it motion, waits for grist;
Now, whether she has aught to say or no,
A woman's tongue will go for exercise.
In short, I came to this conclusion:
Most earthly things have their similitudes,
But a woman's tongue is yet incomparable,—
Wasn't the duke that left you?

Count. 'Twas.

Rol. He saw me,
And hurried off!

Count. Ay! 'twas most wise in him,
To shun the bitter flowing of your gall.
You know he's on the brink of matrimony.

Rol. Why now, in reason, what can he expect?
To marry such a woman!

A thing so closely pack'd with her own pride,
She has no room for any thought of him.
Why, she ne'er threw a word of kindness at him,
But when she quarrell'd with her monkey. Then
As he with nightly minstrelsy dol'd out
A lying ballad to her peerless beauty,
Unto his whining lute, and, at each turn,
Sigh'd like a paviour, the kind lady, sir,
Would lift the casement up—to laugh at him
And vanish like a shooting star; whilst he
Stood gazing on the spot whence she departed:
Then, stealing home, went supplerless to bed,
And fed all night upon her apparition.
Now, rather than espouse a thing like this,
I'd wed a bear that never learnt to dance,
Though her first hug were mortal.

Count. Peace, Rolando!

You rail at women as priests cry down pleasure;
Who, for the penance which they do their tongues,
Give ample licence to their appetites.
Come, come, however you may mask your nature,
I know the secret pulses of your heart
Beat towards them still. A woman hater! Pshaw!
A young and handsome fellow, and a brave one.

Rol. Go on.

Count. Had I a sister, mother, nay, my grandam,
I'd no more trust her in a corner with thee,
Than cream within the whiskers of a cat.

Rol. Right! I should beat her. You are very
I have a sneaking kindness for the sex; . . . [right]
And, could I meet a reasonable woman,
Fair without vanity, rich without pride,

THE HONEYMOON.

Discreet though witty, learn'd, yet very humble;
That has no ear for flattery, no tongue
For scandal: one who never reads romances;
Who loves to listen better than to talk,
And rather than be gadding would sit quiet:
Hates cards and cordials, goes ill-dress'd to
church:-

Rol. I'd marry certainly. You shall find two such,
And we'll both wed together.

Count. You are merry.

Where shall we dine together?

Rol. Not to-day.

Count. Nay, I insist.

Rol. Where shall I meet you, then?

Count. Here, at the Mermaid.

Rol. I don't like the sign;

A mermaid is half woman.

Count. Pshaw, Rolando!

You strain this humour beyond sense or measure.

Rol. Well, on condition that we're very private,
And that we drink no toast that's feminine,
I'll waste some time with you.

Count. Agreed.

Enter ZAMORA, disguised.

Rol. Go on, then;
I will but give directions to my page,
And follow you.

Count. A pretty smooth-fac'd boy:

Rol. The lad is handsome, and for one so young—
Save that his heart will flutter at a drum,
And he would rather eat his sword than draw it—
He is the noblest youth in Christendom,
The kindest and most gentle. Talk of woman!
Not all the rarest virtues of the sex,
If any cunning chemist could compound them,
Would make a tythe of his. When before Tunis
I got well scratch'd for leaping on the walls
Too nimbly, that same boy attended me,
'Twould bring an honest tear into thine eye,
To tell thee how, for ten days, without sleep,
And almost nourishment, he waited on me;
Cheer'd the dull time, by reading merry tales;
And when my festering body smarted most,
Sweeter than a fond mother's lullaby
Over her peevish child, he sung to me,
That the soft cadence of his dying tones
Dropp'd like an oily balsam on my wounds,
And breath'd an healing influence throughout me.
But this is womanish! Order our dinner,
And I'll be with you presently.

Count. I will not fail.

[Exit Count.]

ZAMORA comes forward.

Rol. The wars are ended, boy.

Zam. I'm glad of that, sir.

Rol. You should be sorry, if you love your master.

Zam. Then I am very sorry.

Rol. We must part, boy!

Zam. Part?

Rol. I am serious.

Zam. Nay, you cannot mean it.

Have I been idle, sir, or negligent?

Saucy I'm sure I have not. If aught else,
It is my first fault; chide me gently for it—

Nay heavily; but do not say, we part!

Rol. I'm a disbanded soldier, without pay;
Fit only now with rusty swords and helmets
To hang up in the armoury, till the wars
New-burnish me again; so poor, indeed,
I can but leanly cater for myself,
Much less provide for thee.

Zam. Let not that

Divide us, sir; thought of how I far'd.
Never yet troubled me, and shall not now.
Indeed, I never follow'd you for hire,

But for the simple and the pure delight
Of serving such a master. If we must part,
Let me wear out my service by degrees;
To-day omit some sweet and sacred duty,
Some dearer one to-morrow: slowly thus
My nature may be wean'd from her delight:
But suddenly to quit you, sir! I cannot!
I should go broken-hearted.

Rol. Pshaw, those tears!

Well, well, we'll talk of this some other day.
I dine with Count Montalban at the Mermaid;
In the mean time, go, and amuse yourself
With what is worthiest note in that fam'd city.
But hark, Eugenio! 'Tis a wicked place;
You'll meet (for they are weeds of ev'ry soil)
Abundance here of—women; kept aloof!
For they are like the smooth, but brittle ice,
That tempts th' unpractis'd urchin to his ruin.
Keep aloof, boy! keep aloof!
They are like comets, to be wonder'd at,
But not approach'd. Go not within their reach.

[Exit Rolando.]

Zam. Doubt me not, sir.
What a hard fate is mine! to follow thus
With love a gentleman that scorns my sex,
And swears no great or noble quality
Ever yet liv'd in woman! When I read to him
The story of Lucretia, or of Portia,
Or other glorious dame, or some rare virgin, 'ter,
Who, cross'd in love, has died, 'mid peals of laugh:
He praises the invention of the writer;
Or, growing angry, bids me shut the book,
Nor with such dull lies wear his patience out.
What opposition has a maid like me
To turn the headstrong current of his spleen?
For though he sets off with a lavish tongue
My humble merits, thinking me a boy,
Yet, should I stand before his jaundic'd sight
A woman, all that now is fair in me
Might turn to ugliness; all that is good
Appears the smooth gloss of hypocrisy:
Yet, I must venture the discovery,
Though, 'tis a fearful hazard. This perplexity
Of hopes and fears makes up too sad a life;
I will or lose him quite or be his wife.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Balthazar's House.

Enter VOLANTE and BALTHAZAR.

Balth. Not yet apparell'd?

Vol. 'Tis her wedding-day, sir:

On such occasions women claim some grace.

Balth. How bears she

The coming of her greatness?

Vol. Bravely, sir.

Instead of the high honours that await her,
I think that, were she now to be enthrout'd,

She would become her coronation:

For, when she has adjusted some stray lock,
Or fix'd at last some sparkling ornament,

She views her beauty with collected pride,
Musters her whole soul in her eyes, and says,

"Look I not like an empress?" But, she comes.

Enter JULIANA, in her wedding dress.

Jul. Well, sir, what think you? do I to the life
Appear a duchess, or will the people say,

She does but poorly play a part which nature

Never design'd her for? But, where's the duke?

Balth. Not come yet.

Jul. How! not come? the duke not come!

Vol. Patience, sweet sister; oft without a mur-
It has been his delight to wait for you.

Jul. It was his duty. Man was born to wait
On woman, and attend her sov'reign pleasure!

This tardiness upon his wedding-day
Is but a sorry sample of obedience.

Balth. Obedience, girl!
Jul. Ay, sir, obedience.

Vol. Why, what a wire-drawn puppet you will
The man you marry! I suppose, ere long, [make
You'll choose how often he shall walk abroad
For recreation; fix his diet for him;
Bespeak his clothes, and say on what occasions
He may put on his finest suit.

Jul. Proceed.

Vol. Keep all the keys, and when he bids his
Mete out a modicum of wine to each. [friends,
Had you not better put him on a livery?
At once, and let him stand behind your chair?
Why, I would rather wed a man of dough,
Such as some spinster, when the pie is made,
To amuse her childish fancy, kneads at hazard
Out of the remnant paste—a paper man,
Cut by a baby. Heavens preserve me ever
From that dull blessing—an obedient husband!

Jul. And make you an obedient wife! a thing
For lordly man to vent his humours on;
A dull domestic drudge. To be abus'd
Or fondled as the fit may work upon him:
“If you think so, my dear;” and, “As you please;”
And, “You know best;” even when he nothing
knows.

I have no patience—that a free-born woman
Should sink the high tone of her noble nature
Down to a slavish whisper, for that compound
Of frail mortality they call a man,
And give her charter up to make a tyrant!

Balth. You talk it most heroically. Pride
May be a proper bait to catch a lover,
But, trust me daughter, 'twill not hold a husband.

Jul. Leave that to me. And what should I have
If I had fish'd with your humility? [caught
Some pert apprentice, or rich citizen. [man,
Who would have bought me? Some poor gentle-
Whose high patrician blood would have descended
To wed a painter's daughter, and—her ducats.
I felt my value, and still kept aloof;
Nor stoop'd my eye till I had met the man,
Pick'd from all Spain, to be my husband, girl:
And him I have so manag'd, that he feels
I have conferr'd an honour on his house,
By coyly condescending to be his. (Knocking.)

Balth. He comes.

Vol. Smooth your brow, sister.

Jul. For a man!

He must be one not made of mortal clay, then.

Enter DUKE OF ARANZA and two Attendants.
Oh! you are come, sir? I have waited for you!
Is this your gallantry? at such a time, too?

Duke. I do entreat your pardon—if you knew
The pressing cause—

Vol. Let me entreat for him.

Balth. Come, girl, be kind.

Jul. Well, sir, you are forgiven.

Duke. You are all goodness; let me on this hand—
(Taking her hand, which she withdraws.)

Jul. Not yet, sir; 'tis a virgin hand as yet,
And my own property: forbear awhile,
And, with this humble person, 'twill be yours.

Duke. Exquisite modesty! Come, let us on!
All things are waiting for the ceremony;
And, till you grace it, Hymen's wasting torch
Burns dim and sickly. Come, my Juliana.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Cottage.

Enter DUKE OF ARANZA, leading in Juliana.
Duke. You are welcome home.

Jul. Home! you are merry; this retired spot
Would be a palace for an ewl!

Duke. 'Tis ours.

Jul. Ay, for the time we stay in it.

Duke. By heaven,

This is the noble mansion that I spoke of! [hear it

Jul. This! You are not in earnest, though you

With such a sober brow, Come, come, you jest.

Duke. Indeed I jest not; were it ours in jest,

We should have none, wife.

Jul. Are you serious, sir?

Duke. I swear, as I'm your husband, and no duke

Jul. No duke!

Duke. But of my own creation, lady.

Jul. Am I betray'd? Nay, do not play the fool!

It is too keen a joke.

Duke. You'll find it true.

Jul. You are no duke, then?

Duke. None.

Jul. Have I been cozen'd?

(Aside.)

And have you no estate, sir?

No palaces, nor houses?

Duke. None but this:

A small, snug dwelling, and in good repair.

Jul. Nor money, nor effects?

Duke. None, that I know of,

Jul. And the attendants that have waited on us?

Duke. They were my friends; who, having done

my business,

Are gone about their own

Jul. Why, then, 'tis clear.

(Aside.)

That I was ever born! What are you, sir?

Duke. I am an honest man, that may content

you:

Young, nor ill-favour'd. Should not that content

you?

I am your husband, and that must content you.

Jul. I will go home!

(Going.)

Duke. You are at home, already. (Staying her.)

Jul. I'll not endure it! But, remember this—

Duke, or no *Duke*, I'll be a duchess, sir!

Duke. A duchess! you shall be queen, to all!

Who, of their courtesy, will call you so.

Jul. And I will have attendance.

Duke. So you shall,

When you have learnt to wait upon yourself

Jul. To wait upon myself! must I bear this?

I could tear out my eyes, that bade you woo me,

And bite my tongue in two, for saying yes!

Duke. And if you should, 'twould grow again.

I think, to be an honest yeoman's wife

(For such, my would-be duchess, you will find.

You were cut out by nature. (me)

Jul. You will find then,

That education, sir, has spoilt me for it.

Why! do you think I'll work?

Duke. I think 'twill happen, wife.

Jul. What! rub and scrub

Your noble palace clean?

Duke. Those taper fingers

Will do it daintily.

Jul. And dress your victuals

(If there be any)? Oh! I could go mad.

Duke. And mend my hose, and darn my night-

caps neatly;

Wait, like an echo, till you're spoken to—

Jul. Or, like a clock, talk only once an hour?

Duke. Or like a dial; for that quietly

Performs its work, and never speaks at all.

Jul. To feed your poultry and your hogs!

oh, monstrous!

And when I stir abroad, on great occasions,

Carry a squeaking tithe pig to the vicar;

Or jolt with higglers' wives the market trot,

To sell your eggs and butter!

Duke. Excellent!

THE HONEYMOON.

How well you sum the duties of a wife!
Why, what a blessing I shall have in you!

Jul. A blessing!

Duke. When they talk of you and me;
Darby and Joan shall be no more remember'd;
We shall be so happy!

Jul. Shall we?

Duke. Wondrous happy!

Oh, you will make an admirable wife!
Jul. I'll make a devil.

Duke. What?

Jul. A very devil.

Duke. Oh, no! we'll have no devils.

Jul. I'll not bear it.

I'll to my father's!

Duke. Gentle; you forget

You are a perfect stranger to the road:

Jul. My wrongs will find a way, or make one.

Duke. Softly!

You stir not hence, except to take the air;
And then I'll breathe it with you.

Jul. What, confine me?

Duke. Twould be unsafe to trust you yet abroad.

Jul. Am I a truant school-boy?

Duke. Nay not so;

But you must keep your bounds.

Jul. And if I break them,

Perhaps you'll beat me.

Duke. Beat you!

The man, that lays his hand upon a woman
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch.
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.
No, madam, I'll talk to you, I'll not beat you

Jul. Well, if I may not travel to my father,
I may write to him surely; and I will—
If I can meet within your spacious dukedom
Three such unhop'd-for miracles at once,
As pens, and ink, and paper.

Duke. You will find them

In the next room. A word, before you go.
You are my wife, by ev'ry tie that's sacred;
The partner of my fortune and my bed—

Jul. Your fortune!

Duke. Peace! no fooling, idle woman!
Beneath the attesting eye of heav'n I've sworn
To love, to honour, cherish, and protect you.
No human pow'r can part us. What remains,
To fret, and worry, and torment each other, [then?]
And give a keen'r edge to our hard fate
By sharp upbraidings, and perpetual jars?
Or, like a loving and a patient paif,
(Wak'd from a dream of grandeur) to depend
Upon their daily labour for support;
To soothe the taste of fortune's fowliness.
With sweet content, and mutual fond endearment?
Now to your chamber; write whate'er you please;
But pause before you stain the spotless paper,
With words that may infame, but cannot heal!

Jul. Why what a patient worm you take me for!

Duke. I took you for a wife; and ere I've done,

I'll know you for a good one.

Jul. You shall know me

For a right woman, full of her own sex; [anger;
Who, when she suffers wrong, will speak her
Who feels her own prerogative, and scorns,
By the proud reason of superior man,
To be taught patience when her swelling heart
Cries out revenge!

[Exit.]

Duke. Why, let the flood rage on!
There is no tide in woman's wildest passion
But hath an ebb. I've broke the ice, however.
Write to her father! She may write a follow—
But if she send it! 'Twill divert her spleen;
The flow of ink may seve her blood letting;

Perchance she may have fits, they're seldom
Save when the doctor's sent for.—
Though I have heard some husbands say, and
A woman's honour is her safest guard, [wisely,
Yet there's some virtue in a look and key.

(Locks the door.)

So thus begins our honey moon, 'Tis well!
For the first fortnight, ruder than march winds;
She'll blow a hurricane. The next, perhaps,
Like April, she may wear a changeful face
Of storm and sunshine: and, when that is past,
She will break glorious as unclouded May;
And where the thorns grew bare, the spreading
blossoms

Meet with no lagging frost to kill their sweetness:
Whilst others for a month's delirious joy,
Buy a dull age of penance, we, more wisely,
Taste first the wholesome bitter of the cup;
That after to the very lees shall relish;
And to the close of this frail life prolong
The pure delights of a well govern'd marriage.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Balthazar's House.*

Enter BALTHAZAR, followed by the Count, disguised
as a Friar.

Balth. These things premis'd, you have my full
consent

To try my daughter's humour: to that end
I have sent for her. But observe me, sir!
I will use no compulsion with my child:
Though of a merry spirit, I have found her,
In weighty matters, of so ripe a judgment,
That she shall choose a husband for herself
If I had tendered thus her sister Zamora,
I should not now have mourned a daughter lost!

(Enter VOLANTE.)

Vol. What is your pleasure?

Balth. Know this holy man;

(Introducing the Count to her.)

It is the father confessor I spoke of:
Though he looks young, in all things which respect
His sacred function, he is deeply learn'd. (Aside.)

Vol. It is the Count!

Balth. I leave you to his guidance:

And do not, with that wild wing you are wont,
Fly from his questions; act as may befit
The sober purpose of his visit here:
And, without diminution or concealment,
To his examination and free censure,
Commit your actions and your private thoughts.

Vol. I shall observe, sir. (Exit Balthazar)
Nay, 'tis he, I'll swear! (Aside.)

Count. Pray heaven she don't suspect me.
Well, young lady, you have heard your father's
commands?

Vol. Yes: and now he has left us alone, what
are we to do?

Count. I am to listen, and you are to confess.

Vol. What! and then you are to confess, and I
am to listen? I'll take care you shall do penance
though.

Count. Pshaw!

Vol. Well; but what am I to confess?

Count. Your sins, daughter; your sins.

Vol. What! all of them?

Count. Only the great ones.

Vol. The great ones! Oh, you must learn those
of my neighbours, whose business it is, like yours
to confess everybody's sins but their own. If now
you would be content with a few trifling peccadiloes,
I would own them to you with all the frankness
of an author, who gives his reader the paltry
errata of the press, but leaves him to find out all
the capital blunders of the work himself.

Count. Nay, lady, this is trifling: I am in haste.

Vol. In haste! then suppose I confess my virtues? you shall have the catalogue of them in a single breath.

Count. Nay, then I must call your father.

Vol. Why, then, to be serious: If you will tell me of any very enormous offences which I may have lately committed, I shall have no objection in the world to acknowledge them to you.

Count. It is publicly reported, daughter, you are in love?

Vol. So, so; are you there! (*Aside.*) That I am in love.

Count. With a man—

Vol. Why, what should a woman be in love with?

Count. You interrupt me, lady. A young man?

Vol. I'm not in love with an old one, certainly. But is love a crime, father?

Count. Heaven forbid!

Vol. Why, then, you have nothing to do with it.

Count. Ay, but the concealing it is a crime?

Vol. Oh, the concealing it is a crime?

Count. Of the first magnitude.

Vol. Why, them, I confess—

Count. Well, what?

Vol. That the Count Montalban—

Count. Go on!

Vol. Is—

Count. Proceed.

Vol. Desperately in love with me.

Count. Pshaw! That's not to the point.

Vol. Well, well, I'm coming to it: and not being able in his own person to learn the state of my affections, has taken the benefit of clergy; and assumed the disguise of a friar.

Count. Discovered!

Vol. Ha, ha, ha! You are but a young masquerader, or you wouldn't have left your visor at home. Come, come, Count, pull off your lion's apparel, and confess yourself an ass.

Count. Nay, Volante, hear me!

Vol. Not a step nearer. The snake is still dangerous though he has cast his skin. I believe you're the first lover on record that ever attempted to gain the affections of his mistress by discovering her faults. Now, if you had found out more virtues in my mind than there will ever be room for, and more charms in my person than even my looking-glass can create, why, then, indeed—

Count. What then?

Vol. Then I might have confessed what it is now impossible I can ever confess: and so farewell, my noble count confessor. [*Exit.*]

Count. Farewell!

And when I've hit upon the longitude,
And plumb'd the yet unfathom'd ocean,
I'll make another venture for thy love.
Here comes her father. I'll be fool'd no longer.

Enter BALTAZAR.

Balth. Well, sir, how thrive you?

Count. E'en as I deserve:

Your daughter has discovered, laughed at, and left

Balth. Yet I've another scheme.

[me.]

Count. What is't?

Balth. My daughter,

Being a lover of my art, of late
Has vehemently urged too see your portrait;
Which, now 'tis finish'd, I stand pledged, she shall
Go to the picture room—stand there conceal'd:
Hers is the key. I'll send my daughter straight:
And if, as we suspect, her heart leans tow'rds you,
In some unguarded gesture, speech, or action,
Her love will suddenly break out. Away!

I hear her coming.

Count. There's some hope in this.

Balth. It shall do wonders. Hence. [*Exit Count.* I'll tax her home.

Enter VOLANTE.

Vol. What is he gone, sir?

Balth. Gone! d'ye think the man is made of marble? Yes, he is gone.

Vol. For ever?

Balth. Ay, for ever. [you,

Vol. Alas, poor Count! or, has he only left To study some new character? Pray, tell me! What will he next appear in?

Balth. This is folly.

'Tis time to call your wanton spirit home; You are too wild of speech.

Vol. My thoughts are free, sir,

And those I utter.

Balth. Far too quickly, girl:

Your shrewdness is a scare-crow to your beauty.

Vol. It will fright none but fools, sir: men of sense must naturally admire in us the quality they most value in themselves; a blockhead only protests against the wit of a woman, because he can't answer her drafts upon his understanding. But now we talk of the Count; don't you remember your promise, sir?

Balth. Umph! (*Aside.*) What promise, girl?

Vol. That I should see your picture of him.

Balth. So you shall, when you can treat the original with a little more respect.

Vol. Nay, sir, a promise.

Balth. Well, you'll find the door open: but, before you go, tell me honestly, how do you like the Count, his person, and understanding?

Vol. Why, as to his person, I don't think he's handsome enough to pine himself to death for his own shadow, like the youth in the fountain: nor yet so ugly as to be frightened to dissolution if he should look at himself in a glass. Then, as to his understanding, he has hardly wit enough to pass for a madman, nor yet so little as to be taken for a fool. In short, sir, I think the Count is very well worth any young woman's serious contemplation, when she has no other earthly thing to think about. (*Runs off.*)

Balth. So the glad bird, that flutters from the net,

Grown wanton with the thought of his escape,
Flies to the lime bush, and there is caught,

I'll steal and watch their progress.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Picture Room.*

(*The Count concealed behind his Portrait.*)

Enter VOLANTE.

Vol. Confess that I love the Count! A woman may do a more foolish thing than fall in love with such a man, and a wiser one than to tell him of it. (*Looks at the picture.*) 'Tis very like him; the hair is a shade too dark, and rather too much complexion for a despairing *inamorato*. Confess that I love him! Now there is only his picture; I'll see if I can't play the confessor a little better than he did. "Daughter, they tell me you are in love?" "Well, father, there is no harm in speaking the truth." "With the Count Montalban, daughter?" "Father, you are not a confessor, but a conjuror!" "They add, moreover, that you have named the day for your marriage?" "There, father, you are misinformed; for, like a discreet maiden, I have left that for him to do." Then he should throw off his disguise; I should gaze at him with astonishment: he should open his arms, whilst I sunk gently into them. (*The Count catches her in his arms.*) The Count!

THE HONEYMOON.

Enter BALTHAZAR.

My father, too! Nay, then, I am fairly hunted into the toil. There, take my hand, Count, while I am free to give it.

Enter a Servant, with a letter.

Serv. A letter, sir.

Balth. From Julianas!

(Opens the letter.)

Vol. Well, what says she, sir?

Count. This will spoil all.

(Aside.)

Vol. It bears untoward news:

Is she not well, sir?

Balth. 'Tis not that.

Vol. What then, sir?

See how he knits his brow!

Balth. Here must be throats cut.

Vol. What moves you thus, sir?

Balth. That would stir a statue.

Your friend's a villain, sir! (*To the Count.*) Read, And you, if I mistake not, are another. [read it out.

Vol. What can this mean?

Balth. Peace! Hear him read the letter

Count. (Reads.) Dearest father! I am deceived, betrayed, insulted!

The man, whom I have married, is no duke!

Vol. No duke!

Balth. I'll be revenged! Read, sir: read i.

Count. (Reads.) He has neither fortune, family, nor friends.

Balth. You must have known all this, sir. But proceed.

Count. (Reads.) He keeps me prisoner here, in a miserable hovel; from whence, unless I am speedily rescued by your interference, you may never hear more of your forlorn, abused

JULIANA.

Balth. What answer you to this, sir?

Count. Nothing.

Vol. How!

Balth. 'Tis plain you are a partner in the trick That robb'd a doting father of his child.

Count. Suspend your anger but a few short days, And you shall find, though now a mystery Involves my friend —

Balth. A mystery! What mystery?

There are no mysteries in honest men: What mystery I say, can solve this conduct? Is he a duke?

Count. I cannot answer that.

Balth. Then he's a villain!

Count. Nay, upon my soul,

He means you fairly, honourably, nobly.

Balth. I will away to-night. Oimedo! Perez! Perhaps your Countship means me fairly too, Nobly and honourably!

Get my horses!

(*Exeunt Servants.*

You have some mystery too, sir; but ere I set My sole surviving hope on such a hazard, I'll look into your countship's pedigree: And for your noble, honourable duke, I'll travel night and day until I reach him! And he shall find I am not yet so old, But that my blood will flame at such an insult, And my sword leap into my grasp. Believe me I will have full revenge!

Count. You shall.

Balth. I will, sir!

And speedily!

Count. Proceed, then, on your journey. With your good leave, I'll bear you company: And as the traveller, perplex'd awhile In the benighted mazes of forest, Breaks up a champaign country, smooth and level, And sees the sun shine glorious; so shall you, sir, Behold a bright close, and a golden end, To this now dark adventure.

Vol. Go, my father!

Balth. You speak in riddles, sir; yet you speak fairly.

Count. And, if I speak not truly, may my hope In this fair treasure be extinct for ever!

Balth. Then quickly meet us here, prepar'd for It, from the cloud that overhangs us now, [travel. Such light should break as you have boldly promis'd,

My daughter and my blessing still are yours, sir.

Count. Blest in that word, I quit you. (Exit.)

Balth. Come, girl!

This shill be sifted thoroughly: till then You must remain a fresh, ungather'd flow'r.

Vol. Well, sir; I am not yet so overhoun,

But I may hang some time upon the tree,

And still be worth the plucking.

Balth. True, my girl.

And better 'twere to wither on thy stem,
And scatter on the earth thy maiden leaves,
Than graft thee where thy sweetness and thy
beauty

Would all be wasted. Come, we must prepare

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Cottage

Enter DUKE OF ARANZA, in a Peasant's Dress.
Duke. She hath compos'd a letter; and, what's Contriv'd to send it by a village boy (worse Than pass'd the window. Yet she now appears Profoundly penitent.

'Tis a conversion too miraculous.

Her cold disdain yields with too free a spirit; Like ice, which, melted by unnatural heat—

Not by the gradual and kindly thaw Of the resolving elements—give it air, Will straight congeal again—She comes—I'll try her.

Enter JULIANA, in a Peasant's Dress.

Why, what's the matter now?

Jul. That foolish letter!

Duke. What! you repent of having written it?

Jul. I do, indeed. I could cut off my fingers For being partners in the act.

Duke. No matter;

You may indite one in a milder spirit, That shall pluck out its sting.

Jul. I can.

Duke. You must.

Jul. I can.

Duke. You shall.

Jul. I will, if 'tis your pleasure.

Duke. Well replied I now see plainly you have found your wita, And are a sober, metamorphos'd woman.

Jul. I am, indeed.

Duke. I know it: I can read you.

There is a true contrition in your looks; Yours is no penitence in masquerade— You are not playing on me.

Jul. Playing, sir!

Duke. You have found out the vanity of those For which you lately sighed so deep. (things

Jul. I have, sir.

Duke. A dukedom! pshaw! it is an idle thing.

Jul. I have begun to think so.

Duke. That's a lie!

Is not this tranquil and retired spot More rich, in real pleasures, than a palace?

Jul. I like it infinitely.

Duke. That's another!

(*Aside.*) The mansion's small, 'tis true, but very snug.

Jul. Exceeding snug.

Duke. The furniture not splendid,

But then all useful.

Jul. All exceeding useful.
There's not a piece on't but serves twenty purposes.
(Aside.)

Duke. And, though we're seldom plagued by v'l
We have the best of company—ourselves. [sitors,
Nor, whilst our limbs are full of active youth,
Need we loll in a carriage, to provoke
A lazy circulation of the blood;
When walking is a nobler exercise.

Jul. More wholesome, too.

Duke. And far less dangerous.

Jul. That's certain.

Duke. Then for servants, all agree.
They are the greatest plagues on earth.

Jul. No doubt on't.

Duke. Who, then, that has a taste for happiness,
Would live in a large mansion, only fit
To be an habitation for the winds;
Keep gilded ornaments for dust and spiders;
See everybody, care for nobody;
When they could live as we do?

Jul. Who, indeed?

Duke. Here we want nothing.

Jul. Nothing. Yes, one thing.

Duke. Indeed! what's that?

Jul. You will be angry.

Duke. Nay—

Not if it be a reasonable thing.

Jul. What wants the bird, who, from his wiry
Sings to the passing travellers of air [prison,
A wistful note—that she wore with them, sir?

Duke. Umph! What, your liberty! I see it now.
(Aside.)

Jul. 'Twere a pity that in such a paradise
I should be cag'd.

Duke. Why, whither would you, wife?

Jul. Only to taste the freshness of the air,
That breathes a wholesome spirit from without;
And weave a chaplet for you, of those flow'r's
That throw their perfume through my window bars,
And then I will return, sir.

Duke. You are free!

But use your freedom wisely

Jul. Doubt me not, sir!

I'll use it quickly, too. *[Aside, and exit.]*

Duke. But I do doubt you.

There is a lurking devil in her eye,
That plays at boopoe there, in spite of her.
Her anger is but smother'd, not burnt out,
And ready, give it vent, to blaze again.
You have your liberty—

But I will watch you closely, lady,

And see that you abuse it not.

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Inn.*

ROLANDO sitting at a table.

Rol. 'Sdeath, that a reasonable thinking man
Should leave his friend and bottle for a woman!
Here is the Count, now, who, in other matters,
Has a true judgment, only seethe his blood
With a full glass beyond his usual stint,
And women, like a wildfire, runs throughout him.
Immortal man is but a shuttlecock,
And wine and woman are but the battledores
That keep him going! What! Eugenio!

Enter ZAMORA.

Zam. Your pleasure, sir?

Rol. I am alone, and wish

One of your songs to bear me company.

Zam. A merry or a sad one, sir?

Rol. No matter.

Zam. I have but one that you have ever heard.

Rol. Let it be that.

Zam. I shall obey you, sir.
Now woman's wit assist me.

(Sings.)

*In vain the tears of anguish flow,
In vain I mourn, in vain I sigh;
For he, alas! will never know,
That I must live for him, or die.
Ah! could I dare myself reveal!
Would not my tale his pity move?
And sighs of pity seldom fail
In noble hearts to waken love.
But should he view, without a tear,
My altering form, my waning bloom,
Then, what left me but despair!
What refuge but the silent tomb!*

Rol. It is a mournful ditty, yet 'tis pleasing.

Zam. It was, indeed, a melancholy tale
From which I learnt it.

Rol. Lives it with you still? *[sir :]*

Zam. Faintly, as would an ill-remember'd dream,
Yet so far I remember—Now my heart— *(Aside.)*
'Twas of a gentleman—a soldier, sir,
Of a brave spirit: and his outward form
A frame to set a soul in. He had a page,
Just such a boy as I, a faithful stripling,
Who, out of pure affection, and true love,
Follow'd his fortune to the wars.

Rol. Why this

Is our own history.

Zam. So far, indeed,
But not beyond, it bore resemblance, sir.
For in the sequel (if I well remember)
This loving boy (so, sir, the story ran)

Turn'd out to be a woman.

Rol. How! a woman!

Zam. Yes, sir, a woman. *[find the secret out:]*

Rol. Live with him a twelvemonth, and he not

Zam. 'Twas strange.

Rol. Strange! 'twas impossible! At the first
A palpable and most transparent lie! *[blush.]*
Why, if the soldier had been such an ass,
She had herself betray'd it.

Zam. Yet, 'tis said,

She kept it to her death; that, oft as love
Would heave the struggling passion to her lips,
Shame set a seal upon them: thus long time
She nourish'd, in this strife of love and modesty,
An inward slow-consuming martyrdom,
'Till in the sight of him her soul most cherish'd—
Like flow'r's, that on a river's margin, fading
Through lack of moisture, drop into the stream.
So, sinking in his arms, her parting breath
Reveal'd her story.

Rol. You have told it well, boy.

Zam. I feel it deeply, sir; I know the lady.

Rol. Know her! you don't believe it?

Zam. What regards

Her death, I will not vouch for. But the rest—
Her hopeless love, her silent patience.
The struggle 'twixt her passion and her pride—
I was a witness to. Indeed, her story
Is a most true one.

Rol. She should not have died;

A wench like this were worth a soldier's love:
And were she living now,

Enter COUNT MONTALBAN.

Zam. 'Tis well! *(Aside.)*

Count. Strange things have happen'd, since we
parted, captain!

I must away to-night.

Rol. To-night! and whither? *[know:*

Count. 'Tis yet a secret. Thus much you shall
If a short fifty miles you'll bear me company,
You shall see—

Rol. What?

Count. A woman tam'd.

Rol. No more;

I'll go a hundred. Do I know the lady?

Count. What think you of our new-made duchess?

Rol. She?

What mortal man has undertaken her?

Perhaps the keeper of the beasts, the fellow

That puts his head into the lion's mouth.

Or else some tiger-tamer to a nabob.

Count. Who, but her husband?

Rol. With what weapons?

Count. Words. [language]

Rol. With words? why then he must invent a
Which yet the learned have no glimpses of.
Fasting and fustigation may do something;
I've heard that death will quit some of them;
But words! mere words! cool'd by the breath of
He may preach tame a howling wilderness; [man!
Silence full-mouth'd battery with snow-balls;
Quench fire with oil; with his repelling breath
Puff back the northern blast; whistie 'gainst
thunder:

These things are feasible. But still a woman
With the nine parts of speech!—

Count. You know him not.

Rol. I know the lady.

Count. Yet, I tell you

He has the trick to draw the serpent's fang,
And yet not spoil her beauty.

Rol. Could he discourse, with fluent eloquence,
More languages than Babel sent abroad,
The simple rhet'ric of her mother tongue
Would pose him presently; for woman's voice
Sounds like a fiddle in a concert, always
The shrillest, if not loudest instrument.
But we shall see. [Exit Count and Rolando.

Zam. He was touch'd surely, with the piteous
Which I deliver'd; and, but that the Count [tale
Prevented him, would have broke freely out
Into a full confession of his feeling
Tow'rds such a woman as I painted to him.
Why then, my boy's habiliments, adieu!
Henceforth, my woman's tire—I'll trust to you.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Duke's Palace.*

Enter CAMPILLO, *the Duke's Steward* and another
Servant.

Serv. But can no one tell the meaning of this
fancy?

Camp. No: 'tis the duke's pleasure, and that's
enough for us. You shall hear his own words:—

For reasons, that I shall hereafter communicate, it
is necessary that Jaques should, in all things, at pre-
sent, act as my representative: you will, therefore,
command my household to obey him as myself, until
you hear further from (Signed) ARANZA.

Serv. Well, we must wait the upshot. But how
bears Jaques his new dignity?

Camp. Like most men in whom sudden fortune
combats against long-established habit.

(Laughing without.)

Serv. By their merriment, this should be ha.

Camp. Stand aside, and let us note him.

Enter JAQUES, dressed as the Duke, followed by six
Attendants, who in vain endeavour to restrain their
laughter. [Exit Servant.

Jacques. Why, you ragamuffins! what d'ye titter
at? Am I the first great man that has been made
off-hand by a tailor? Show your grinders again,
and I'll hang you like onions, fifty on a rope. I
can't think what they see ridiculous about me, ex-
cept, indeed, that I feel as if I was in armour, and

my sword has a trick of getting between my legs,
like a monkey's tail, as if it was determined to trip
up my nobility. And now, villains! don't let me
see you tip the wink to each other, as I do the
honours of my table. If I tell one of my best
stories, don't any of you laugh before the jest comes
out, to show that you have heard it before: take
care that you don't call me by my christian name,
and then pretend it was by accident; that shall be
transportation at least: and when I drink a health
to all friends, don't fancy that any of you are in the
number.

Enter a *Servant.*

Well, sir?

Serv. There is a lady without, presses vehemently
to speak to your grace.

Jaques. A lady?

Serv. Yes, your highness.

Jaques. Is she young?

Serv. Very, your grace!

Jaques. Handsome?

Serv. Beautiful, your highness!

Jaques. Send her in.—[Exit Servant.]—You may
retire; I'll finish my instructions by-and-by.
Young and handsome! I'll attend to her business
in propriâ personâ. Your old and ugly ones I shall
despatch by deputy. Now to alarm her with my
consequence, and then sooth her with my con-
descension. I must appear important; big as a
country pedagogue, when he enters the school-room
with—a hem! and terrifies the apple-munching
urchins with the creaking of his shoes. I'll swell
like a shirt bleaching in a high wind; and look
burly as a Sunday beadle, when he has kicked
down the unhallowed stall of a profane old apple-
woman. Bring my chair of state! Hush!

Enter JULIANA.

Jul. I come, great duke, for justice!

Jaques. You shall have it.

Of what do you complain?

Jul. My husband, sir!

Jaques. I'll hang him instantly! What's his
offence?

Jul. He has deceived me.

Jaques. A very common case; few husbands
answer their wives' expectations.

Jul. He has abused your grace.

Jaques. Indeed! if he has done that he swings
most loftily. But how, lady, how?

Jul. Shortly thus, sir:

Being no better than a low-born peasant,
He has assum'd your character and person.

Enter DUKE ARANZA.

Oh! you are here, sir? This is he, my lord.

Jaques. Indeed! (aside.) Then I must tickle him
Why, fellow, d'ye take this for an ale-house, tha
you enter with such a swagger? Know you wher
you are, sir? (had forgot)

Duke. The rogue reproves me well! (aside.)
Most humbly I entreat your grace's pardon,
For this unshur'd visit; but the fear
Of what this wayward woman might allege
Beyond the truth—

Jul. I have spoken naught but truth.

Duke. Has made me thus unmannerly.

Jaques. 'Tis well. You might have us'd mor
Proceed. (ceremonious)

Ju. This man, my lord, as I was saying,
Passing himself upon my inexperience.
For the right owner of this sumptuous palace,
Obtain'd my slow consent to be his wife;
And cheated by this shameful perfidy,
Me of my hopes—my father of his child.

Jaques. Why, this is swindling; obtaining another man's goods under false pretences; that is, if a woman be a good: that will make a very intricate point for the judges. Well, sir, what have you to say in your defence?

Duke. I do confess I put this trick upon her; And for my transient usurpation Of your most noble person, with contrition Bow me to the rigour of the law.

But for the lady, sir, she can't complain.

Jul. How! not complain? To be thus vilely And not complain! [cozen'd,

Jaques. Peace, woman! Though Justice be blind, she is not deaf.

Duke. He does it to the life! (Aside.) Had not her most exceeding pride been doting, She might have seen the diff'rence, at a glance, Between your grace and such a man as I am.

Jaques. She might have seen that certainty.

Proceed.

Duke. For did I fall so much beneath her sphere, Being what I am, as she had scold'd above it Had I been that which I have only feign'd.

Jaques. Yet, you deceiv'd her.

Jul. Let him answer that. [wives,

Duke. I did: most men in something cheat their Wives gull their husbands; 'tis the course of Now, hating that my title and my fortune [wooing. Were evanescent, in all other things Acted like a plain and honest suitor.

[I told her she was fair, but very proud; That she had taste in music, but no voice; That she danc'd well, yet still might borrow grace From such or such a lady. To be brief; I prais'd her for no quality she had not, Nor over-priz'd the talents she possess'd: Now, save in what I have before confess'd, And I challenge her worst spite to answer me, Whether, in all attentions, which a woman, A gentle and a reasonable woman, Looks for, I have not to the height fulfill'd, If not outgone her expectations?

Jaques. Why, if she has no cause of complaint since you were married—

Duke. I dare her to the proof on't.

Jaques. Is it so, woman? (To Juliana.)

Jul. I don't complain of what has happened The man has made a tolerable husband, [since; But for the monstrous cheat he put upon me, I claim to be divorc'd.

Jaques. It cannot be.

Jul. Cannot, my lord?

Jaques. No. You must live with him.

Jul. Never!

Duke. Or, if your grace will give me leave— We have been wedded yet a few short days— Let us wear out a month as man and wife; If, at the end on't, with uplifted, hands, Morning and ev'ning, and sometimes at noon, And bended knees, she doesn't plead more

Jul. If I do— [warmly—

Duke. Then let her will be done, that seeks to part *Jul.* I do implore your grace to let it stand [us

Upon that footing.

Jaques. Humph! Well it shall be so; with this proviso, that either of you are at liberty to hang yourselves in the meantime. (Rises.) [Juliana.

Duke. We thank your providence. Come, *Jul.* Well, there's my hand: a month's soon past

I am your humble servant, sir. [and then,

Duke. For ever.

Jul. Nay, I'll be hang'd first.

Duke. That may do as well.

Come, you'll think better on't.

Jul. By all—

Duke. No swearing.

Jaques. No, no; no swearing.

Duke. We humbly take our leaves.

[Exit with Juliana, and Servants.

Jaques. I begin to find, by the strength of my nerves, and the steadiness of my countenance, that I was certainly intended for a great man; for what more does it require to be a great man; than boldly to put on the appearance of it? How many sage politicians are there, who can scarce comprehend the mystery of a mousetrap; valiant generals, who wouldn't attack a bulrush, unless the wind were in their favour; profound lawyers, who would make excellent wigblocks; and skilful physicians, whose knowledge extends no further than writing death warrants in Latin; and are shining examples that a man would never want gold in his pocket, who carries plenty of brass in his face. It will be rather awkward to be sure, to resign at the end of a month: but, like other great men in office, I must make most of my time, and retire with a good grace, to avoid being turned out; as a well-bred dog always walks down stairs, when he sees preparations ripe for kicking him into the street

[Exit.

SCENE III.—An Inn.

Enter BALTHAZAR, as having fallen from his horse, supported by VOLANTE, COUNT MONTALBAN, &c., and preceded by the Hostess.

Hostess. This way, this way, if you please. Alas! poor gentleman! (Brings a chair.) How do you feel now, sir? (They set him down.)

Balth. I almost think my brains are where they should be—

Confound the jade!—though they dance merrily To their own music.

Count. Is a surgeon sent for?

Hostess. Here he comes, sir.

Enter LAMPEDO.

Lamp. Is this the gentleman?

Balth. I want no surgeon; all my bones are Vol. Pray, take advice. [whole.

Balth. Well! Doctor I have doubts Whether my soul be shaken from my body Else I am whole.

Lamp. Then you are safe, depend on't; Your soul and body are not yet divorc'd;

Though if they were, we have a remedy. Nor have you fracture, sir, simple or compound;

Yet very feverish! I begin to fear

Some inward bruise—a very raging pulse!

We must phlebotomize.

Balth. You won't. Already There is too little blood in these old veins To do my cause full justice.

Lamp. Quick and feverish; He must lie down a little; for, as yet,

His blood and spirits being all in motion;

There is too great confusion in the symptoms,

To judge discreetly from.

Balth. I'll not lie down.

Vol. Nay; for an hour or so.

Balth. Well, be it so.

Hostess. I'll shew you to a chamber: this way, this way, if you please. (Exit all but Lampedo.

Lamp. 'Tis the first patient save the miller's And an old lady's cat, that has the phthisic, [mire, That I have touch'd these six weeks. Well, good

Enter Hostess. [hostess]

How fares your guest?

Hostess. He must not go to-night.

Lamp. No; nor to-morrow—

Hostess. Nor the next day, neither.

THE HONEYMOON.

Lamp. Leave that to me.

Hostess. He has no hurt, I fear.

Lamp. None: but as you're his cook, and I'm his
Such things may happen. You must make him ill.
And I must keep him so; for, to say truth,
'Tis the first biped customer I've handled
This many a day: they fail but slowly in,
Like the subscribers to my work on fevers.

Hostess. Hard times, indeed! No business stirring
my way.

Lamp. So I should guess, from your appearance,
You look as if, for lack of company, [hostessa.
You were obliged to eat up your whole larder.

Hostess. Alas! 'tis so:

Yet I contrive to keep my spirits up.

Lamp. Yes; and your flesh, too. Look at me.

Hostess. Why, truly,

You look half starv'd.

Lamp. Half starv'd! I wish you'd tell me
Which half of me is fed. I shew more points
Than an old horse, that has been three weeks
Yet I do all to tempt them into sickness. (pounded:
Have I not, in the jaws of bankruptcy,
And to the desolation of my person,
Painted my shop, that it looks like a rainbow?
New double-gilt my pestle and my mortar,
That some, at distance, take it for the sun?
And blaz'd in flaming letters o'er my door,
Each one a glorious constellation!
"Surgeon, apothecary, accoucheur?"
(For midwife is grown vulgar. Yet they all not:
Phials and gallipots still keep their ranks,
As if there were no cordial virtue in them.
The healing chime of pulverizing drugs
They shun as 'twere a tolling bell, or death-watch.
I never give a dose, or set a limb!
But, come, we must devise, we must devise
How to make much of this same guest, sweet
hostess. [them.]

Hostess. You know I always make the most of
Lamp. Spoke like an ancient tapstress! Come,
let's in;

And, while I sooth my bowels with an omelette,
(For, like a nest of new-wak'd rooklings, hostess,
They caw for provender,) and take a glass
Of thy Falernian, we will think of means;
For though to cure men be beyond our skill,
'Tis hard, indeed, if we can't keep them ill.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*The Cottage.*

Enter DUKE OF ARANZA, bringing in JULIANA,
having overtaken her in an attempt to escape.

Duke. Nay, no resistance: for a month, at least,
I am your husband.

Jul. True! and what's a husband?

Duke. Why, as some wives would metamorphose
A very miserable ass, indeed! [him,

Jul. True, there are many such.

Duke. And there are men
Whom not a swelling lip, or wrinkled brow,
Or the loud rattle of a woman's tongue,
Or, what's more hard to parry, the warm pressure
Of lips, that from the inmost heart of man
Plucks out his stern resolves, can move one jot
From the determined purpose of his soul,
Or stir an inch from his prerogative.
Ere it be long, you'll dream of such a man.

Jul. Where, wakings, shall I see him?

Duke. Look on me.

Come to your chamber

Jul. I won't be confin'd.

Duke. Won't! Say you so?

Jul. Well, then, I do request

You won't confine me.

Duke. You'll leave me?

Jul. No, indeed;
As there is truth in language, on my soul
I will not leave you!

Duke. You've deceiv'd me once—
Jul. And, therefore, do not merit to be trusted.

I do confess it: but, by all that's sacred,
Give me my liberty, and I will be

A patient, drudging, most obedient wife.

Duke. Yes; but grumbling one.

Jul. No, on my honour,
I will do all you ask, ere you have said it.

Duke. And with no secret murmuring of your
Jul. With none, believe me. [spirit?]

Duke. Have a care;

For if I catch thee on the wing again,
I'll clip ye closer than a garden hawk,
And put ye in a cage where daylight comes not;
Where you may fret your pride against the bars,
Until your heart break. (Knocking at the door)
See who's at the door. See who's at the door.

(She goes and returns.)

Enter LOPEZ.

My neighbour Lopez! Welcome, sir! My wife—
A chair. (Introducing her.)

(To Juliana. She brings a chair to Lopez,
and throws it down.)

Your pardon; you'll excuse her, sir;

A little awkward, but exceeding willing.

One for your husband. (She brings another chair,
and is going to throw it down as before; but the Duke looking steadfastly at her, she desists, and places it gently by him.)

Pray, be seated, neighbour.

Now, you may serve yourself.

Jul. I thank you, sir.

Duke. I'd rather you should sit.

Jul. If you will have it so. 'Would I were dead!' (Aside. Brings a chair, and sits down.)

Duke. Though, now I think again, 'tis fit you stand,

That you may be more free to serve our guest.

Jul. Even as you command. (Rises.)

Duke. You will eat something? (To Lopez.)

Lopez. Not a morsel, thankye. [least?]

Duke. Then you will drink? a glass of wine, at Lopez. Well, I am warn with walking, and care not if I do taste your liquor.

Duke. You have some wine, wife?

Jul. I must e'en submit. (Exit.)

Duke. This visit, sir, is kind and neighbourly.

Lopez. I came to ask a favour of you. We have, to-day, a sort of merry-making on the green hard by—'twere too much to call it a dance—and as you are a stranger here—

Duke. Your patience for a moment.

Re-enter JULIANA, with a horn of liquor.

Duke. (Taking it.) What have we here?

Jul. 'Tis wine; you call'd for wine.

Duke. And did I bid you bring it in a nutshell?

Lopez. Nay, there is plenty.

Duke. I can't suffer it. [drink with us, You must excuse me. (To Lopez.) When friends 'Tis usual, love, to bring it in a jug,

Or else they may suspect we grudge our liquor.
You understand—a jug.

Jul. I shall remember.

Lopez. I am ashamed to give you so much trouble. [sir:]

Duke. No trouble; she must learn her duty, I'm only sorry you should be kept waiting.

But you were speaking—

Lopez. As I was saying, it being the conclusion of

our vintage, we have assembled the lads and lasses
of the village -

Re-enter JULIANA.

Duke. Now we shall do. (Pours out.)
Why, what the devil's this?

Jul. Wine, sir.

Duke. This wine? 'Tis foul as ditch-water!
Did you shake the cask?

Jul. What shall I say? *(Aside.)* Yes, sir.

Duke. You did?

Jul. I did.

Duke. I thought so.

Why, do you think, my love, that wine is physic,
That must be shook before 'tis swallow'd?
Come, try again.

Jul. I'll go no more.

Duke. You won't?

Jul. I won't.

Duke. You won't! (Showing the key.)

You had forgot yourself, my love.

Jul. Well, I obey!

Duke. Was ever man so plagued!
I am ashamed to try your patience, sir;
But women, like watches, must be set with care,
To make them go well.

Re-enter JULIANA.

Ay, this looks well. (Pouring it out.)

Jul. The heavens be prais'd!

Duke. Come, sir, your judgment.

Lopez. 'Tis excellent! But, as I was saying, to-
day we have some country pastimes on the green;
will it please you both to join our simple recrea-
tions? [draught, sir.]

Duke. We will attend you. Come, renew your

Lopez. We shall expect you presently: till then,
good even, sir. [and make you ready.]

Duke. Good even, neighbour. *[Exit Lopez.]* Go

Jul. I take no pleasure in these rural sports.

Duke. Then you shall go to please your husband.

Hold!

I'll have no glittering gewgaws stuck about you,
To stretch the gaping eyes of idiot wonder,
And make men stare upon a piece of earth
As on a star-wrought firmament; no feathers,
To wave as streamers to your vanity;
Nor cumbrous silk, that, with its rustling sound,
Makes proud the flesh that bears it. She's adorn'd
Amply, that in her husband's eye looks lovely—
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in.

Jul. I shall observe, sir.

Duke. I should like well to see you in the dress
I last presented you.

Jul. The blue one, sir?

Duke. No, love, the white. Thus modestly attir'd,
An half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,
With no more diamonds than those eyes are made
No deeper rubies than compose thy lips, [of,
Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them;
With the pure red and white, which that same
hand

Which blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks;
This well proportion'd form, (think not I flatter,)
In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,
And thy free tresses dancing in the wind—
Thou'l fix as much observance as chaste dames
Can meet without a blush. [Exit Jul.]

I'll trust her with these bumpkins. There no cox-
Shall buzz his fulsome praises in her ear, [comb]
And swear she has in all things, save myself,
A most especial taste. No meddling gossip.
(Who, having claw'd, or cuddled into bondage
The thing misnam'd a husband, privately
Instructs less daring spirits to revolt)

Shall, from the fund of her experience, teach her
When lordly man can best be made a fool of;
And how, and when, and where, with most success,
Domestic treaties, on the woman's side,
Are made and ratified.

Ye that would have obedient wives, beware
Of meddling woman's kind, officious care. [Exit]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Inn.*

Enter Hostess, followed by LAMPEDO.

Hostess. Nay, nay; another fortnight.
Lamp. It can't be.

The man's as well as I am: have some mercy!
He hath been here almost three weeks already.

Hostess. Well, then, a week.

Lamp. We may detain him a week.

Enter BALTHAZAR behind, in his night'gown, with a drawn sword.

You talk now like a reasonable hostess, [science]
That sometimes has a reck'ning with her con-

Hostess. He still believes he has an inward bruise.
Lamp. I would to heaven he had! or that he'd
His shoulder-blade, or broke a leg or two, [slipp'd]
(Not that I bear his person any malice,) Or lux'd an arm, or even sprain'd his ankle!

Hostess. Ay, breaking anything except his neck.

Lamp. However, for a week I'll manage him:
Though he has the constitution of a horse—
A farrier should prescribe for him.

Balth. A farrier!

Lamp. To-morrow we phlebotomize again;
Next day, my new invented patent draught;
Then I have some pills prepar'd;
On Thursday we throw in the bark; on Friday—
Balth. (Coming forward) Well, sir, on Friday—
Proceed. [what on Friday? come

Lamp. Discovered!

Hostess. Mercy, noble sir!

They fall on their knees.

Lamp. We crave your mercy!

Balth. On your knees? 'tis well!
Pray, for your time is short.

Hostess. Nay, do not kill us.

Balth. You have been tried, condemn'd, and only
For execution. Which shall I begin with? [walt

Lamp. The lady, by all means, sir.

Balth. Come, prepare. (To the Hostess.)

Hostess. Have pity on the weakness of my sex!

Balth. Tell me, thou quaking mountain of gross
flesh,

Tell me, and in a breath, how many poisons—
If you attempt it—*(to Lamp, who is endeavouring to make off)*—you have cook'd up for me?

Hostess. None, as I hope for mercy!

Balth. Is not thy wine a poison?

Hostess. No, indeed, sir;
'Tis not, I own, of the first quality;

But—

Balth. What?

Hostess. I always give short measure, sir,
And ease my conscience that way.

Balth. Ease your conscience!

I'll ease your conscience for you.

Hostess. Mercy, sir!

Balth. Rise, if thou canst, and hear me.

Hostess. Your commands, sir?

Balth. If in five minutes all things are prepar'd
For my departure, you may yet survive.

Hostess. It shall be done in less.

Balth. Away, thou lump-fish! [Exit Hostess.]

Lamp. So! now comes my turn! 'tis all over
with me!

There's dagger, rope, and ratsbane in his looks!

THE HONEYMOON.

Bath. And now, thou sketch and outline of a
Thou thing that hast no shadow in the sun! [man]
Thou eel in a consumption, eldest born
Of Death or Famine! thou anatomy
Of a starv'd pilchard!

Lamp. I do confess my leanness. I am spare;
And, therefore, spare me.

Bath. Why! wouldst thou have made me
A thoroughfare for thy whole shop to pass
Lamp. Man, you know, must live. [through?]

Bath. Yes; he must die, too.

Lamp. For my patients' sake—

Bath. I'll send you to the major part of them.

The window, sir, is open; come, prepare.

Lamp. Pray, consider;

I may hurt some one in the street.

Bath. Why, then,

I'll rattle thee to pieces in a dice-box.

Or grind thee in a coffee-mill to powder,

For thou must sup with Pluto: so, make ready;
Whilst I, with this good small-sword for a lance,
Let thy starv'd spirit out, (for blood thou hast none.)

And nail thee to the wall, where thou shalt look
Like a dry'd beetle, with a pin stuck through him.

Lamp. Consider my poor wife.

Bath. Thy wife!

Lamp. My wife, sir.

Bath. Hast thou dar'd think of matrimony, too?
No flesh upon thy bones, and take a wife!

Lamp. I took a wife because I wanted flesh.

I have a wife, and three angelic babes.

Who, by those looks, are well nigh fatherless.

Bath. Well, well! your wife and children shall
pledge for you.

Come, come; the pills! where are the pills? pro-

Lamp. Here is the box. [dice them]

Bath. Were it Pandora's, and each single pill

Had ten diseases in it, you should take them.

Lamp. What, all?

Bath. Ay, all; and quickly too. Come, sir, begin

Lamp. One's a dose. [—that's well! Another.

Bath. Proceed, sir.

Lamp. What will become of me?

Let me go home, and set my shop to rights,

And, like immortal Caesar, die with decency.

Bath. Away! and thank thy lucky star I have not
Bray'd thee in thy own mortar, or expos'd thee

For a large specimen of the lizard genus. [air]

Lamp. Would I were one! for they can feed on

Bath. Home, sir, and be more honest. [Exit]

Lamp. If I am not,

I'll be more wise, at least.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*A Wood.*

Enter ZAMORA, in woman's apparel, veiled.

Zam. Now, all good spirits, that delight to prosper
The undertakings of chaste love, assist me!
Yonder he comes: I'll rest upon this bank.
If I can move his curiosity,
The rest may follow.

[She reclines upon the bank, pretending to sleep.
Enter ROLANDO.

Rol. What, ho! Eugenio!

He is so little apt to play the truant;

I fear some mischief has befallen him.

(Sees Zamora.)
What have we here? a woman! By this light,
Or rather, by this darkness, 'tis a woman!
Doing no mischief—only dreaming of it!
It is the stillest, most inviting spot!
We are alone: if, without waking her,
I could just brush the fresh dew from her lips,
As the first blush of morn salutes the rose—
Hold, hold, hold, Rolando! art thou not forsworn,
If thou but touchest even the finger's end

Of fickle woman? I have sworn an oath,
That female flesh and blood should ne'er provoke;
That is, in towns, or cities: I remember [me];
There was a special clause, or should have been,
Touching a woman sleeping in a wood;
For though, to the strict letter, of the law,
We bind our neighbours, yet, in our own cause,
We give liberal and large construction
To its free spirit. Therefore, gentle lady—

(She stirs, as if *waking.*)

Hush! she prevents me. Pardon, gentle fair one,
That I have broke thus rudely on your slumbers;
But, for the interruption I have caus'd,
You see me ready, as a gentleman,
To make you all amends.

Zam. To a stranger

You offer fairly, sir; but from a stranger—

Rol. What shall I say? Not so; you are no
Stranger. (Aside.)

Zam. Do you, then, know me? Heav'n forbid!

Rol. Too well.

Zam. How, sir?

Rol. I've known you, lady, 'bove a twelvemonth;
And, from report, lov'd you an age before.
Why, is it possible you never heard
Of my sad passion?

Zam. Never.

Rol. You amaze me!

Zam. What can he mean?

Rol. The sonnets I have written to your beauty
Have kept a paper-mill in full employ!
And then the letters I have given by dozens
Unto your chambermaid! But I begin,
By this unlook'd-for strangeness you put on,
Almost to think she ne'er deliver'd them.

Zam. Indeed she never did. He does but jest
I'll try. (Aside.) Perhaps you misdirected them?
What superscription did you put upon them?

Rol. What superscription? None.

Zam. None!

Rol. Not a tittle.

Think ye, fair lady; I have no discretion?
I left a blank, that, should they be mislaid,
Or lost, you know—

Zam. And in your sonnets, sir,
What title was I honour'd by?

Rol. An hundred!

All but your real one.

Zam. What is that?

Rol. She has me.

'Faith, lady, you've run me to a stand.
I know you not; never before beheld you;
Yet I'm in love with you extempore:
And though, by a tremendous oath, I'm bound
Never to hold communion with your sex,
Yet has your beauty and your modesty.—
Come, let me see your face.

Zam. Nay; that would prove

I had no modesty; perhaps, nor beauty.
Besides, I, too, have taken a rash oath,
Never to love but one man—

Rol. At a time?

Zam. One at all times.

Rol. You're right: I am the man.

Zam. You are, indeed, sir.

Rol. How? now you are jeating.

Zam. No, on my soul! I have sent up to heav'n
A sacred and irrevocable vow;
And if, as some believe, there does exist
A spirit in the waving of the woods,
Life in the leaping torrent, in the hills
And seated rocks a contemplating soul,
Brooding on all things round them, to all nature
I here renew the solemn covenant.

Never to love but you, sir.

Rol. And who are you?

Zam. In birth and breeding, sir, a gentlewoman: And, but I know the high pitch of your mind From such low thoughts maintains a towering dis- I would add, rich; yet is it no misfortune. [tance; Virtuous, I will say boldly. Of my shape, Your eyes are your informers. For my face, I cannot think of that so very meanly, For you have often prais'd it.

Rol. If—Unveil, then, That I may praise it once again.

Enter VOLANTE.

Zam. Not now, sir.

We are observ'd.

Rol. (Seeing Volante.) Confusion! this she devil! 'Tis time, then, to redeem my character. (Aside.) I tell you, lady, you must be mistaken; I'm not the man you want. (To Zam.) Meet me to-night. (Apart.)

Will not that answer serve?—At eight precisely. (Apart.)

I tell you, 'tis not I.—Here, on this spot. (Apart.)

Zam. I humbly beg your pardon.

Rol. Well, you have it.—

Remember!

Zam. Trust me. (Exit.)

Rol. A most strange adventure! Pray, lady, do you know who that importunate woman is that just left us?

Rol. No, signor.

Rol. (They walk by each other, he whistling, and she humming a tune.) Have you any business with me?

Rol. I wanted to see you, that's all. They tell me you are the valiant captain that have turned woman-hater, as the boy left off eating nuts, because he met with a sour one.

Rol. Would I were in a freemason's lodge!

Rol. Why, there?

Rol. They never admit women.

Rol. It must be a dull place.

Rol. Exceeding quiet. How shall I shake off this gad-fly? Did you ever see a man mad?

Rol. Never.

Rol. I shall be mad presently.

Rol. I hope it won't be long first. I can wait an

Rol. I tell you, I shall be mad. [hour or so.

Rol. Will it be of the merry sort? mad!

Rol. Stark-staring, maliciously, mischievously

Rol. Nay, then I can't think of leaving you; for you'll want a keeper.

Rol. 'Would thou hadst one! If it were gallant now to beats a woman—

Rol. Well, why don't you begin? Psha! you have none of the right symptoms. You don't stare with your eyes, nor foam at the mouth. Mad, indeed! You're as much in your sober senses as I am.

Rol. Then I am mad incurably! Will you go forward?

Rol. No.

Rol. Backward?

Rol. No.

Rol. Will you stay where you are?

Rol. No. Rank and file, captain: I mean to be one of your company.

Rol. Impossible! You're not tall enough for anything but a drummer: and then, the noise of your tongue would drown the stoutest sheepskin in Christendom.

Rol. Can you find any employment for me?

Rol. No; you are fit for nothing but to beat hemp in a workhouse, to the tuneful accompaniment of a beadle's whip.

Vol. I could be content to be so employed, if I were sure you would reap the full benefit of my labour.

Rol. Nay, then, I'll go another way to work with you—What, ho! Eugenio, sergeant, corporal!

Vol. Nay, then, 'tis time to scamper: he's bringing his whole regiment on me. [Exit.]

Rol. She's gone; and has left me happy. But this other—How is her absence irksome! There is such magic in her graceful form, Such sweet persuasion in her gentle tongue, As thaws my firm resolves, and changes me To that same soft and pliant thing I was, Ere yet I knew a haughty woman's scorn. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*A Rural Scene.*

A dance of Rustics. LOPEZ comes forward.

Lopez. (Seeing the Duke and Juliana approach.) Hold! our new guests.

Enter DUKE OF ARANZA and JULIANA.

Neighbours, you're kindly welcome! Will't please you join the dance, or be mere gazers?

Duke. I am for motion, if this lady here Would trip it with me.

Lopez. My wife, sir, at your service.

If it be no offence, I'll take a turn with yours.

Duke. By all means. Lady, by your leave—

(Salutes Lopez's wife.)

Lopez. A good example—

(Attempts to salute Juliana; she boxes his ears.)

Jul. Badly follow'd, sir.

Lopez. Zounds! what a tangler!

Duke. Are you not ashamed? (To Juliana.) My wife is young, sir; she'll know better soon.

Than to return a courtesy so tartly;

Yours has been better tutor'd. (Salutes her.)

Lopez. Tutor'd! Zounds!

I only meant to ape your husband, lady: He kisses where he pleases.

Jul. So do I, sir;

Not where I have no pleasure.

Duke. Excellent!

Jul. My lips are not my own. My hand is free, sir. (Offering her hand.)

Lopez. Free! I'll be sworn it is!

Jul. Will't please you take it?

Duke. Excuse her rustic breeding: she is young; And you will find her nimble in the dance. [delay.]

Lopez. Come, then, let's have a stirring round.

[They dance; Jul. at first perversely, but afterwards entering into the spirit of it.]

[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Cottage.*

JULIANA, sitting at her needle, sings; during which the DUKE OF ARANZA steals in behind.

SONG.—JULIANA.

At the front of a cottage, with woodbine grown o'er,

Fair Lucy sat turning her wheel,

Unconscious that William was just at the door;

And heard her her passion reveal.

The bells rung,

And she sung,

Ding, dong, dell,

It were well

If they rung for dear William and me.

But when she look'd up, and her lover espy'd,

Ah! what was the maiden's surprise!

She blush'd as he roo'd her and call'd her his bride,

And answer'd him only with sighs

THE HONEYMOON.

The bells rung,
And she sung,
Ding, dong, dell,
It is well;

They shall ring for dear William and me!

Duke. Ay, this looks well, when, like the humming bee,

We lighten labour with a cheerful song. [the last
Come, no more work to-night. (*Sits by her.*) It is
That we shall spend beneath this humble roof;
Our fleeting month of trial being past,
To-morrow you are free.

Jul. Nay, now you mock me,
And turn my thoughts upon my former follies.
You know, that to be mistress of the world,
I would not leave you.

Duke. No!

Jul. No, on my honour!

Duke. I think you like me better than you did:
And yet, 'tis natural—come, come, be honest;
You have a sort of hank'ring,—no wild wish,
Or vehement desire, yet a slight longing,
A simple preference, if you had your choice,
To be a duchess, rather than the wife
Of a low peasant?

Jul. No, indeed, you wrong me.

Duke. I mark'd you closely at the palace, wife.
In the full tempest of your speech, your eye
Would glance to take the room's dimensions,
And pause upon each ornament; and then [sigh]
There would break from you a half-smother'd
Which spoke distinctly—"these should have been
mine!" [spirit.]

And, therefore, (though with a well-temper'd
You have some secret swelling of the heart
When these things rise to your imagination.

Jul. No, never; sometimes in my dreams, I
You know we cannot help our dreams. [own;

Duke. What then?

Jul. Why, I confess that, sometimes, in my
A noble house and splendid equipage, [dreams,
Diamonds and pearls, and gilded furniture,
Will glitter, like an empty pageant, by me;
And then I'm apt to rise a little feverish.
But never do my sober, waking thoughts,
As I'm a woman worthy of belief,
Wander to such forbidden vanities.
Yet, after all, it was a scurvy trick!
Your palace, and your pictures, and your plate!
Your fine plantations, your delightful gardens,
That were a second paradise—for fools!
And then, your grotto, so divinely cool!
Your gothic summer-house, and Roman temple!
'Twould puzzle much an antiquarian
To find out their remains.

Duke. No more of that.

Jul. You had a dozen spacious vineyards, too!
Alas! the grapes are sour: and above all,
The Barbary courser that was breaking for me!

Duke. Nay, you shall ride him yet.

Jul. Indeed!

Duke. Believe me,

We must forget these things.

Jul. They are forgot.

And by this kiss we'll think of them no more,
But when we want a theme to make us merry.

Duke. It was an honest one, and spoke thy soul;
And by the fresh lip and unsullied breath
Which join'd to give it sweetness—

Enter BALTHAZAR.

Jul. How! my father!

Duke. Signor Balthazar! You are welcome, sir,
To our poor habitation.

Balth. Welcome, villain!
I come to call your dukeship to account,
And to reclaim my daughter.

Duke. You will find her

Reclaim'd already; or I've lost my pains. (*Aside.*)
Balth. Let me come at him!

Duke. Patience, my dear father!

Duke. Nay, give him room. Put up your weapon,
'Tis the worst argument a man can use; [sir;
So let it be the last. As for your daughter,
She passes by another title here,
In which your whole authority is sunk—
My lawful wife.

Balth. Lawfull his lawful wife!
I shall go mad! Did you not basely steal her,
Under a vile pretence?

Duke. What I have done,

I'll answer to the law
Of what do you complain?

Balth. Are you not

A most notorious, self-confess'd impostor?

Duke. True, I am somewhat dwindled from the
In which you lately knew me; nor alone [state
Should my exceeding change provoke your wonder,
You'll find your daughter is not what she was.

Balth. How, Juliana?

Jul. 'Tis, indeed, most true.
I left you, sir, a forward, foolish girl,
Full of capricious thoughts and fiery spirits,
Which, without judgment, I would vent on all.
But I have learned this truth indelibly,
That modesty, in deed, in word, and thought,
Is the prime grace of woman; and with that,
More by frowning looks, and saucy speeches,
She may persuade the man that rightly loves her,
Whom she was ne'er intended to command.

Balth. Amazement! Why, this metamorphosis
Exceeds his own! What spells, what cunning
Has he employ'd? [witchcraft]

Jul. None: he has simply taught me
To look into myself: his powerful rhetoric,
Hath with strong influence impress'd my heart,
And made me see, at length, the thing I have been,
And what I am, sir.

Balth. And are you, then, content
To live with him?

Jul. Content! I am most happy!

Balth. Can you forget your crying wrongs?

Jul. Not quite, sir:

They sometimes serve us to make merry with.

Balth. How like a villain he abus'd your father?

Jul. You will forgive him that for my sake.

Balth. Never!

Duke. Why, then, 'tis plain, you seek your own
And not your daughter's happiness. [revenge,

Balth. No matter.

I charge you, on your duty as my daughter,
Follow me!

Duke. On a wife's obedience,

I charge you, stir not!

Jul. You, sir, are my father;
At the bare mention of that hallow'd name,
A thousand recollections rise within me,
To witness you have ever been a kind one:
This is my husband, sir—

Balth. Thy husband! well—

Jul. 'Tis fruitless now to think upon the means
He us'd—I am irrevocably his:
And when he pluck'd me from my parent tree,
To graft me on himself, he gather'd with me
My love, my duty, my obedience;
And, by adoption, I am bound as strictly
To do his reasonable bidding now,
As once to follow yours.

Balth. Yet I will be reveng'd

Duke. You would have justice.

Balth. I will.

Duke. Then forthwith meet me at the duke's.

Balth. What pledge have I for your appearance there?

Duke. Your daughter, sir. Nay, go, my Julianal

'Tis my request: within an hour at farthest,

I shall expect to see you at the palace. [sir.]

Balth. Come, Julianal. You shall find me there,

Duke. Look not thus sad at parting, Julianal:

All will run smooth yet.

Balth. Come!

Jul. Heav'n grant it may!

Duke. The duke shall right us all, without delay.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Wood.

Enter VOLANTE and four of Count Montalban's servants masked.

Vol. That's he, stealing down the pathway yonder.

Put on your vizors; and remember, not a word.

[They retire.]

Enter ROLANDO.

Now I shall be even with your hemp-beating. [Exit.]

Rol. Here am I come to be a woman's toy,
And spite of sober reason, play the fool.
'Tis a most grievous thing, that a man's blood
Will ever thwart his noble resolution,
And make him deaf to other argument
Than the quick beating of his pulse. [Heyday!]

(Count's Servants come forward, and surround him.)
Why, what are these? If it be no offence,
May I enquire your business?

(They hold a pistol to each side of his head.)

Now I can guess it. Pray, reserve your fire.

(They proceed to bind him.)

What can this mean? Mute, gentlemen; all mute!
Pray, were ye born of women? Still ye are mute!
Why, then, perhaps, you mean to strangle me.

(They bind him to a tree, and go off.)

How! gone? Why, what the devil can this mean?
It is the oddest end to an amour!

Enter VOLANTE, and three other Women.

Vol. This is the gentleman we're looking for.
Rol. Looking for me! You are mistaken, ladies:
What can you want with such a man as I am?
I am poor, ladies, miserably poor;
I am old, too, though I look young; quite old;
The ruins of a man. Nay, come not near me!
I would for you I were a porcupine,
And every quill a death!

Vol. By my faith, he rails valiantly, and has a
valiant sword, too, if he could draw it. Was ever
poor gentleman so near a rope without being able
to hang himself!

Rol. I could bear being bound in every limb,

So ye were tongue-ty'd.

That I could cast out devils to torment you!

Though ye would be a match for a whole legion.

Vol. Come, come.

Rol. Nay, ladies, have some mercy: drive me not
To desperation, though, like a bear,

I'm fix'd to the stake, and must endure the halting.

(After repeat'd struggles, disengages his right arm, with which he draws his sword, and cuts the ropes that bind him.)

Vol. The bear is breaking his chain. 'Tis time
to run, then. (The Women run off; Rolando extricates himself, and comes forward.)

Rol. So, they are gone! What a damnable condition I am in! The devils that worried St. Anthony
were a tame set to these! My blood boils! By all

that's mischievous, I'll carbonado the first woman I meet! If I do not, why, I'll marry her. Here's one already!

Enter ZAMORA, veiled.

Zam. I've kept my word, sir.

Rol. So much the worse! for I must keep my oaths.

Zam. Not by your hand.

I hardly think, when you have seen my face,
You'll be my executioner.

Rol. Thy face!

What, are you handsome? Don't depend on that:

For if those rosy fingers, like Aurora's,
Lifting the veil from day, should usher forth

Twin sparkling stars, to light men to their ruin;

Balm-breathing lips, to seal destruction on;

An alabaster forehead, hung with locks

That glitter like Hyperion's; and a cheek,

Where the live crimson steals upon the white.

You have no hope of mercy!

Zam. (Unveiling.) Now, then, strike!

Rol. Eugenio?

Zam. Your poor boy, sir.

Rol. How, a woman!

A real woman!

What a dull ass have I been! Nay, 'tis so!

Zam. You see the sister of that scornful lady,
Who, with such fix'd disdain, refus'd your love,
Which, like an arrow failing of its aim,
Glancing from her impenetrable heart,
Struck deep in mine: in a romantic hour,
Unknown to all, I left my father's house,
And follow'd you to the wars. What has since
It better may become you to remember [happen'd],
Than me to utter.

Rol. I am caught at last!
Caught by a woman! excellently caught,
Hamper'd beyond redemption! Why, thou witch!
That, in a brace of minutes, hast produc'd
A greater revolution in my soul
Than thy whole sex could compass: thou enchantress;
Prepare: for I must kill thee certainly; [tress,
Throws away his sword.)

But it shall be with kindness. My poor boy!
(They embrace.)

I'll marry thee to-night. Yet, have a care!
For I shall love thee most unmercifully.

Zam. And as a wife, should you grow weary of
I'll be your page again. [me,

Rol. We'll to your father.

Zam. Alas! I fear I have offended him

Beyond the reach of pardon.

Rol. Think not so.

In the full flood of joy at your return,
He'll drown his anger, and absolving tears
Shall warmly welcome his poor wanderer home.
What will they say to me? Why, they may say,
And truly, that I made a silly vow,
But was not quite so foolish as to keep it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Duke of Aranza's Palace.
Enter BALTHAZAR and JULIANA, COUNT MONTALBAN and VOLANTE, preceded by a Servant.

Balth. You'll tell his highness I am waiting for
Serv. What name, sir? [him]

Balth. No matter; tell him, an old man,
Who has been basely plunder'd of his child,
And has perform'd a weary pilgrimage
In search of Justice, hopes to find it here.

Serv. I will deliver this.

Balth. And he shall right me;
Or I will make his dukedom ring so loud

With my great wrongs, that—

Jul. Pray, be patient, sir.

THE HONEYMOON.

Balth. Where is your husband?
 Jul. He will come, no doubt.
 Count. I'll pawn my life for his appearance,
 Enter Servant.
 Balth. What news, sir?
 Serv. The duke will see you presently.
 Balth. 'Tis well!
 Has there been here a man to seek him lately?
 Serv. None, sir.
 Balth. A tall, well-looking man enough,
 Though a rascall knave, dress'd in a peasant's garb?
 Serv. There has been no such person.
 Balth. No, nor will be.
 It was a trick to steal off safely,
 And get the start of justice. He has reach'd,
 Ere this, the nearest sea-port, or inhabits
 One of his air-built castles. (Trumpets, &c.)
 Serv. Stand aside!
 Enter DUKE OF ARANZA, superbly dressed, preceded by JAQUES, and followed by Attendants and Six Ladies.
 Duke. Now, sir, your business with me?
 Balth. How?
 Jul. Amazement!
 Duke. I hear you would have audience.
 Jaques. Exactly my manner. (Aside.)
 Balth. Of the duke, sir.
 Duke. I am the duke.
 Balth. The jest is somewhat stale, sir.
 Duke. You'll find it true.
 Balth. Indeed!
 Jaques. Nobody doubted my authority. (Aside.)
 Jul. Be still, my heart. (Aside.)
 Balth. I think you would not trifle with me now.
 Duke. I am the Duke Aranza.
 Count. 'Tis e'en so. (To Balthazar.)
 Duke. And what's my greater pride, this lady's
 husband:
 Whom, having honestly redeem'd my pledge,
 I thus take back again. You now must see
 The drift of what I have been lately acting,
 And what I am. And though, being a woman
 Giddy with youth and unrestrained fancy,
 The domineering spirit of her sex
 I have rebuk'd too sharply; yet, 'twas done,
 As skilful surgeons cut beyond the wound,
 To make the cure complete.
 Balth. You have done most wisely,
 And all my anger died in speechless wonder.
 Jaques. So does all my greatness. (Aside.)
 Duke. What says my Juliana?
 Jul. I am lost, too,
 In admiration, sir: my fearful thoughts
 Rise, on a trembling wing, to that rash height,
 Whence, growing dizzy once, I fell to earth;
 Yet since your goodness, for the second time,
 Will lift me, though unworthy, to that pitch
 Of greatness, there to hold a constant flight,
 I will endeavour to bear myself,
 That in the world's eye, and my friends' observance,
 And, what's far dearer, your most precious judgment,
 I may not shame your dukedom. (meant,
 Duke. Bravely spoken!
 Why, now you shall have rank and equipage;
 Servants, for you can now command yourself;
 Glorious apparel, not to swell your pride,
 But to give lustre to your modesty.
 All pleasures, all delights, that noble dames
 Warm their chaste fauces with, in full abundance
 Shall flow upon you; and it shall go hard
 But you shall ride the Barbary courser, too.
 Count, you have kept my secret, and I thank you.

Count. Your grace has reason; for, in keeping that,
 I well nigh lost my mistress. On your promise,
 I now may claim her, sir. (To Balthazar.)
 Balth. What says my girl?
 Vol. Well, since my time is come, sir—
 Balth. Take her, then. (Joins their hands.)
 Duke. But who comes yonder?
 Count. 'Sdeath! why, 'tis Rolando!
 Duke. But that there hangs a woman on his arm,
 I'd swear 'twas he.
 Vol. Nay, 'tis the gentleman.
 Duke. Then have the poles met!
 Vol. Oh! no; only two of the planets have jostled each other. Venus has had too much attraction for Mars.

Enter ROLANDO, with ZAMORA, veiled.

Count. Why, captain!
 Duke. Signor Rolando! (a woman!)
 Rol. (After they have laughed some time.) Nay, 'tis And one that has a soul, too, I'll be bound for't.
 Vol. He must be condemned to her for some offence, as a truant horse is tied to a log, or a great school-boy carries his own rod to the place of execution. (still!)
 Rol. Langh till your lungs crack, 'tis a woman
 Count. I'll not believe it till I see her face.
 Vol. It is some boy dress'd up to cozen us.
 Rol. It was a boy dress'd up to cozen me. Suffice it, alrs, that being well convinc'd, In what I lately was a stubborn sceptic, That women may be reasonable creatures: And finding that your grace, in one fair instance, Has wrought a wondrous reformation in them, I am ready'd to marry; (all laugh) for 'tis odds (Our joint endeavours lab'ring to that end) That, in another century or two, They may become endurable. What say you? (To the Duke.)

Have I your free consent?
 Duke. Most certainly
 Rol. Yours sir? (To the Count.)
 Count. Most readily.
 Rol. And yours? (To Balthazar.)
 Balth. Most heartily.
 Jaques. He does not ask mine. (Aside.)
 Rol. Add bat your blessing, sir, and we are What think you of my page? (happy!) (Zamora unveils, and kneels to Balthazar.)

Vol. How!
 Balth. Zamora!
 Zam. Your daughter, sir: who, trembling at your Balth. Come to my heart! (feet—)
 You knew how deeply you were rooted there, Or scarce had ventur'd such a frolic.
 Zam. That, sir,
 Should have prevented me.
 Balth. There: she is yours sir;
 If you are still determin'd.
 Rol. Fix'd as fate!
 Nor in so doing do I change my mind;
 I avow to wed no woman—she's an angel.
 Vol. Ay, so are all women before marriage; and that's the reason their husbands so soon wish them in heaven afterwards.
 Duke. Those who are tartly tongued: but our ex-
 This truth shall manifest—A gentle wife (ample
 Is still the sterlinc comfort of man's life;
 To fools a torment, but a lasting boon
 To those who wisely keep the Honey-moon.

[Exeunt.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DICKS' ENGLISH

DICKS' SHAKSPERE, One Shilling. Per post, 6d. extra.—Complete: containing all the great Poet's Plays, 37 in number, from the Original Text. The whole of his Poems, with Memoir and Portrait, and 37 Illustrations.
 BYRON'S WORKS, One Shilling. Per post, 6d. extra.—A New Edition of the Works of Lord Byron, 636 Pages, 21 Illustrations.
 POPE'S WORKS, One Shilling. Per post, 6d. extra.—The works of Alexander Pope, complete. With Notes, by Joseph Wharton, D.D. Portrait, and numerous Illustrations.
 GOLDSMITH'S WORKS, Ninepence. Per post, 3d. extra.—The Works of Oliver Goldsmith, with Memoir and Portrait. New and complete Illustrated Edition.
 MRS. HEMANS' WORKS, Ninepence. Per post, 3d. extra.—A new Edition, with Memoir, Portrait, and Vignette.
 SCOTT'S POETICAL WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—New Edition of the Poems of Sir Walter Scott. Illustrated.
 THOMSON'S SEASONS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—The works of James Thomson, complete, with Memoir, Portrait, and four Illustrations.

DICKS' ENGLISH NOVELS.

Now Publishing, in perfect volume form, price Sixpence, a Series of Original Novels.

1. For a Woman's Sake. W. Phillips.
2. Against Tide. Miriam Ross.
3. Hush Money. C. H. Ross.
4. Talbot Harland. W. H. Ainsworth.
5. Will She Have Him? A. Graham.
6. Sketches by "Boz." By Charles Dickens.
7. Counterfeit Coin, Author of "Against Tide."
8. Loves of the Harem. G. W. M. Reynolds
9. Eugene Aram. By Lord Lytton.
10. Tower Hill. W. H. Ainsworth.
11. Rose & Shamrock, Author of "Lestelle."
12. South-Sea Bubble. W. H. Ainsworth.
13. Mary Stuart. G. W. M. Reynolds
14. Twenty Straws, Author of "Carynthia."
15. Lord Lisle's Daughter. C. M. Braeme.
16. After Many Years, Author of "Against Tide."
17. Rachel, the Jewess. M. E. O. Malen.
18. What is to Be. Author of "Twenty Straws."
19. John Trevyin's Revenge. E. Phillips.
20. Bound by a Spell. H. Rebek.
21. Yellow Diamond. Author of "Lestelle."
22. The Younger Son. Rev. H. V. Palmer.
23. Stories with a Vengeance. By G. A. Sala, &c.
24. Naomi. Author of "Rachel."
25. Swept & Garnished. A. W. Thompson.
26. Jennie Gray. Author of "Against Tide."
27. Lestelle. Author of "Yellow Diamond."
28. Tracked. Author of "Bound by a Spell."
29. Carynthia. Author of "Twenty Straws."
30. Violet and Rose. Author of "Blue Bell."
31. Coat of a Secret. Author of "Two Pearls."
32. Terrible Tales. By G. A. Sala.
33. Doomed. Author of "Tracked."
34. White Lady. Author of "Ingaretha."
35. Link your Chain. Author of "Blue Bell."
36. Two Pearls. Author of "Lestelle."
37. Young Cavalier. Author of "Tracked."
38. The Shadow Hand. Author of "Naomi."
39. Wentworth Mystery. Watts Phillips.
40. Merry England. W. H. Ainsworth.
41. Blue Bell. Author of "Link your Chain."
42. Humphrey Grant's Will. Author "Doomed."
43. Jessie Phillips. Mrs. Trollope.
44. A Desperate Deed. By Ernestine Boyd.
45. Blanche Fleming. By Sara Dunn.
46. The Lost Earl. By P. McDermott.
47. The Gipsy Bride. By M. E. O. Malen.
48. Last Days of Pompeii. By Lord Lytton.
49. The Lily of St. Erne. By Mrs. Crow.
50. The Goldsmith's Wife. W. H. Ainsworth.
51. Hawthorne. By M. E. O. Malen.
52. Bertha. By Author "Bound by a Spell."
53. To Rank through Crime. By K. Griffiths.
54. The Stolen Will. By M. E. O. Malen
55. Pumps and Vanities. Rev. H. V. Palmer

SH CLASSICS.

COPWER'S WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—A new and complete Edition, with Memoir, Portrait, and Frontispiece.
 LONGFEE LOW'S WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—New Edition, with Memoir, Portrait, and Frontispiece.
 MILTON'S WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—A new Edition, complete, with Memoir, Portrait, and Frontispiece.
 WORDSWORTH'S WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—A new and complete Edition, with numerous Illustrations.
 BURNS' POETICAL WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—This new and complete Edition of the Poems of Robert Burns is elaborately illustrated, and contains the whole of the Poems, Life, and Correspondence of the great Scottish Bard.
 MOORE'S POETICAL WORKS, Sixpence. Per post, 2d. extra.—New and complete Edition, with numerous Illustrations.
 THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, Sixpence. Per post, 3d. extra.—A new Translation, complete, with numerous illustrations.
 BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, Illustrated.—Twopenny. Post-free, 2d. Unabridged.

56. Fortune's Favourites. By Sara Dunn.
57. Mysterious House in Chelsea. By E. Boyd
58. Two Countesses & Two Lives. M. E. Malen
59. Playing to Win. George Manville Fenn.
60. The Pickwick Papers. By Charles Dickens.
61. Doom of the Dancing Master. C. H. Ross
62. Wife's Secret. Author of "The Heiress."
63. Casterose. Margaret Blount.
64. Golden Fairly. Author of "Lestelle."
65. The Birthright. Author of "Casterose."
66. Misery Joy. Author of "Hush Money."
67. The Mortimers. Author of "Wife's Secret."
68. Chetwynd Calverley. W. H. Ainsworth.
69. Woman's Wiles. Mrs. Crow.
70. Astfield Priory. Author of "Rachel."
71. Brent Hall. By Author of "Birthright."
72. Lunce Umquhart's Loves. Annie Thomas.
73. For Her Natural Life. Mrs. Winstanley.
74. Marion's Quest. Mrs. Laws.
75. Imogen Herbert. Author of "Mortimers."
76. Lady Laura's Wrath. P. McDermott.
77. Fall of Somerset. W. H. Ainsworth.
78. Pearl of Levenby. By M. E. O. Malen.
79. My Lady's Master. By C. Stevens.
80. Beatrice Tyldesley. By W. H. Ainsworth.
81. Overtaken. By Starr Rivers.
82. Held in Thrall. By Mrs. L. Crow.
83. Splendid Misery. By C. H. Hazlewood.
84. Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens.
85. Oliver Twist. By Charles Dickens.
86. Barnaby Rudge. By Charles Dickens
87. Ingaretha. By M. E. O. Malen.
88. Paul Clifford. By Lord Lytton.
89. Rienzi. By Lord Lytton.
90. Old Curiosity Shop. By Charles Dickens.
91. Pelham. By Lord Lytton.
92. Falkland. { Pilgrims of the Rhine. } By Lord Lytton.
93. Harry Lorrequer. By Charles Lever.
94. Faust. By G. W. M. Reynolds
95. The Soldier's Wife. By G. W. M. Reynolds.
96. Valentine Vox. By Henry Cockton.
97. Robert Macaire. By G. W. M. Reynolds
98. Entrances & Exits. Part 1. E. Winstanley
99. Entrances & Exits. Part 2. E. Winstanley
100. Nobody's Fortune. Part 1. E. Yates
101. Nobody's Fortune. Part 2. E. Yates
102. The Seamstress. Reynolds
103. The Necromancer. Reynolds
104. The Bronze Statue. Part 1. Reynolds
105. The Bronze Statue. Part 2. Reynolds
106. The Waits. Pierce Egan.
107. The Rye House Plot. Part 1. Reynolds
108. The Rye House Plot. Part 2. Reynolds

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FROM THE ORIGINAL TEXT, WITH THE ORIGINAL NOTES. NO ABRIDGMENT.

This Edition, containing the whole of Scott's NOVELS, 32 in number, with 125 Illustrations, is now publishing. The work is elegantly bound in cloth, gilt lettered, and is complete in seven volumes. Price 14s. SCOTT'S POEMS, uniform with the above, are also on sale, price One Shilling.

Waverley, Guy Mannering, Antiquary, Rob Roy, Ivanhoe, The Monastery, the Abbot, Kenilworth, The Pirate, Fortunes of Nigel, Peveril of the Peak, Quentin Durward, St. Ronan's Well, Red-gauntlet, The Betrothed, The Talisman, Woodstock, Fair Maid o' Perth, Anne of Geierstein, Tales of my Landlord; The Black Dwarf, Old Mortality, Heart of Midlothian, Bride of Lammermoor, Legend of Montrose, Count Robert of Paris, Castle Dangerous, Chronicles of the Canongate, The Highland Widow, The Two Drovers, My Aunt Margaret's Mirror, The Tapestried Chamber, Death of the Laird's Jock, The Surgeon's Daughter.

Note.—The price is Threepence each complete Novel, Post-free, One Penny extra.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND.

From the Accession of George the Third to the Death of George the Fourth. Written by the Lady Anne Hamilton, sister of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, and of the Countess of Dummore. The work contains full particulars of the Mysterious Death of the Princess Charlotte and the Murder of the Duke of Cumberland's Valet, Sellis.

In Paper Cover, Price 1s.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH.

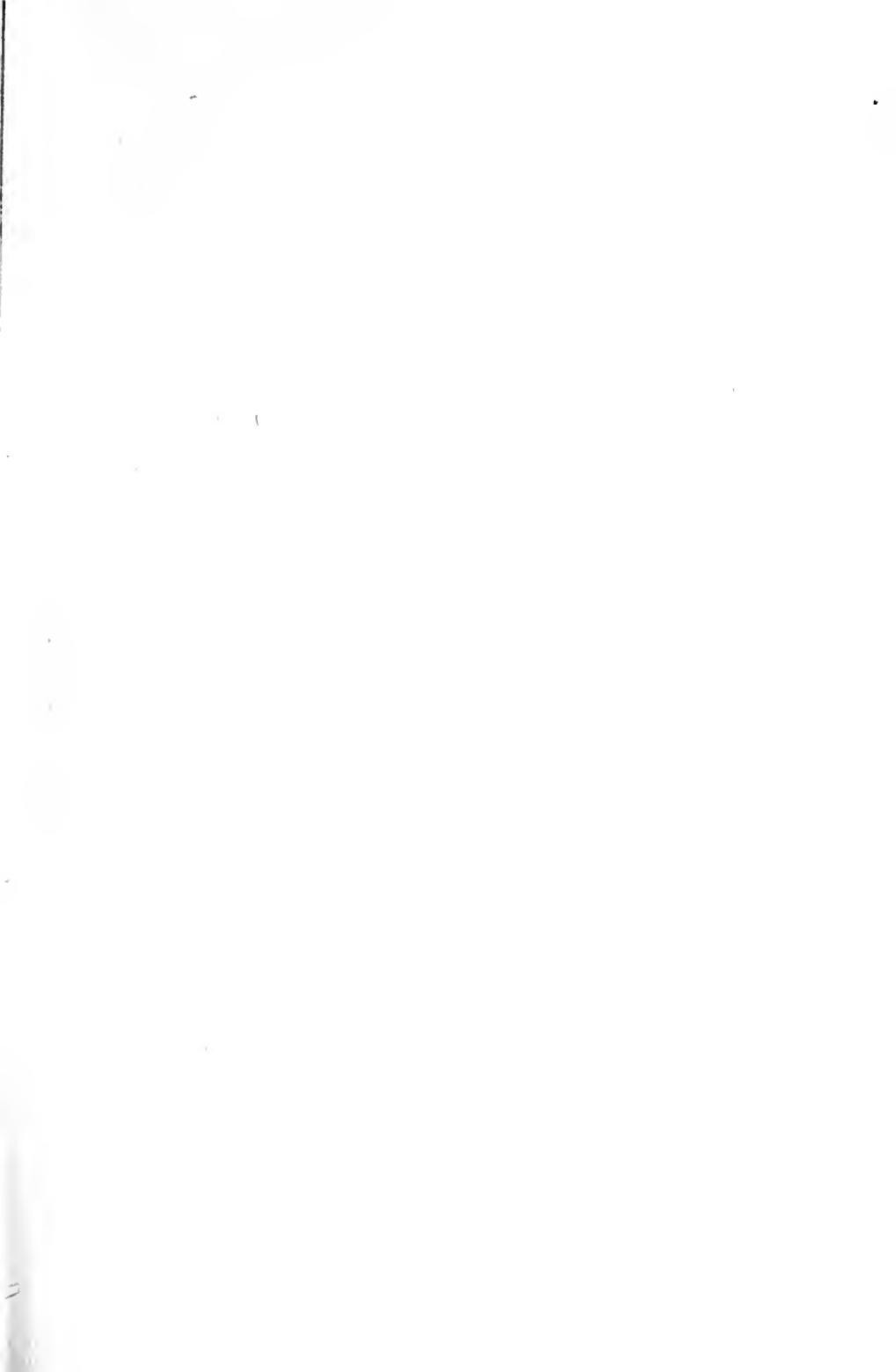
There are few persons who are unacquainted with the name of that great artist, who may have been said to write rather than paint with the brush; but there are vast numbers to whom his admirable works are completely unknown. That this class of persons should desire to have a knowledge of these master-pieces of art is natural enough; and it is somewhat a matter of astonishment that the spirit of enterprise should not have already placed them within the reach of "the millions." There can be no doubt that the merits of these pictures would be universally appreciated in the poorest cottages, as they have long been in the proudest mansions; and if cheap literature places the works of the great master of dramatic writing in the hands of the humblest purchaser, it assuredly may accomplish the same in respect to the equally great master of dramatic painting. For as SHAKESPEARE stands at the head of one school, so does HOGARTH occupy the loftiest pedestal in the other; and the latter has displayed with the pencil as much versatility of genius as the former has shown with the pen in illustrating the similar scenes of life. These few observations are prefatory to the announcement of the publication of a CHEAP EDITION of the WORKS OF WILLIAM HOGARTH. The work is got up in the handsomest style, no expense being spared to produce engravings worthy of the originals; a fine paper is used; and, nittogether, the volume is a miracle of beauty and of cheapness. Price 5s. ed., bound, gilt lettered. Post free, 1s. extra.

PICTURES FOR FRAMING.

Any of the below-mentioned pictures forwarded, post free, on receipt of the number of penny stamp as stated.

Little Red Riding Hood	Chromo	Seven stamps
The Strolling Actresses	Chromo	Seven stamps
It is Finished	Engraving	Six stamps
It is Finished	Chromo	Thirteen stamp
A Distinguished Member of the Royal Humane Society	Photo	Fifteen stamps
Shoeing (Old Betty and Laura)	Photo	Fifteen stamps
Eos (Prince Albert's Greyhound)	Photo	Fifteen stamps
Who are You? and What's the Matter? (the pair)	Oleographs	Eighteen stamp
The Little Rambler	Chromo	Eight stampa
Look at Me, Mamma	Oleograph	Eight stampa
The Descent from the Cross	Oleograph	Eight stampa
Death of Nelson	Coloured	Seven stampa
Battle of Waterloo	Coloured	Seven stampa
The Peep o' Day Boys	Oleograph	Seven stampa
The Lady and the Dove	Oleograph	Seven stampa
Aida	Oleograph	Seven stampa
Portrait of the Prince of Wales	Oleograph	Seven stampa
Portrait of the Princess of Wales	Oleograph	Seven stampa
The Bohemian Girl	Oleograph	Seven stampa

London : JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand; and all Booksellers.





PR Tobin, John
3736 The honeymoon
T6H6
1874

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

